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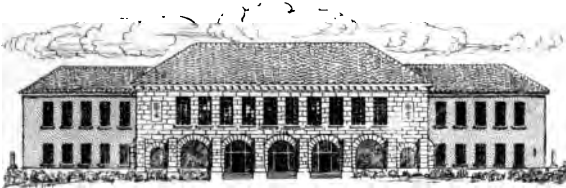
THE
NORMAL COURSE
IN READING

Second
Reader

EMMA J. TODD

AND

WILLIAM H. H. H. H.



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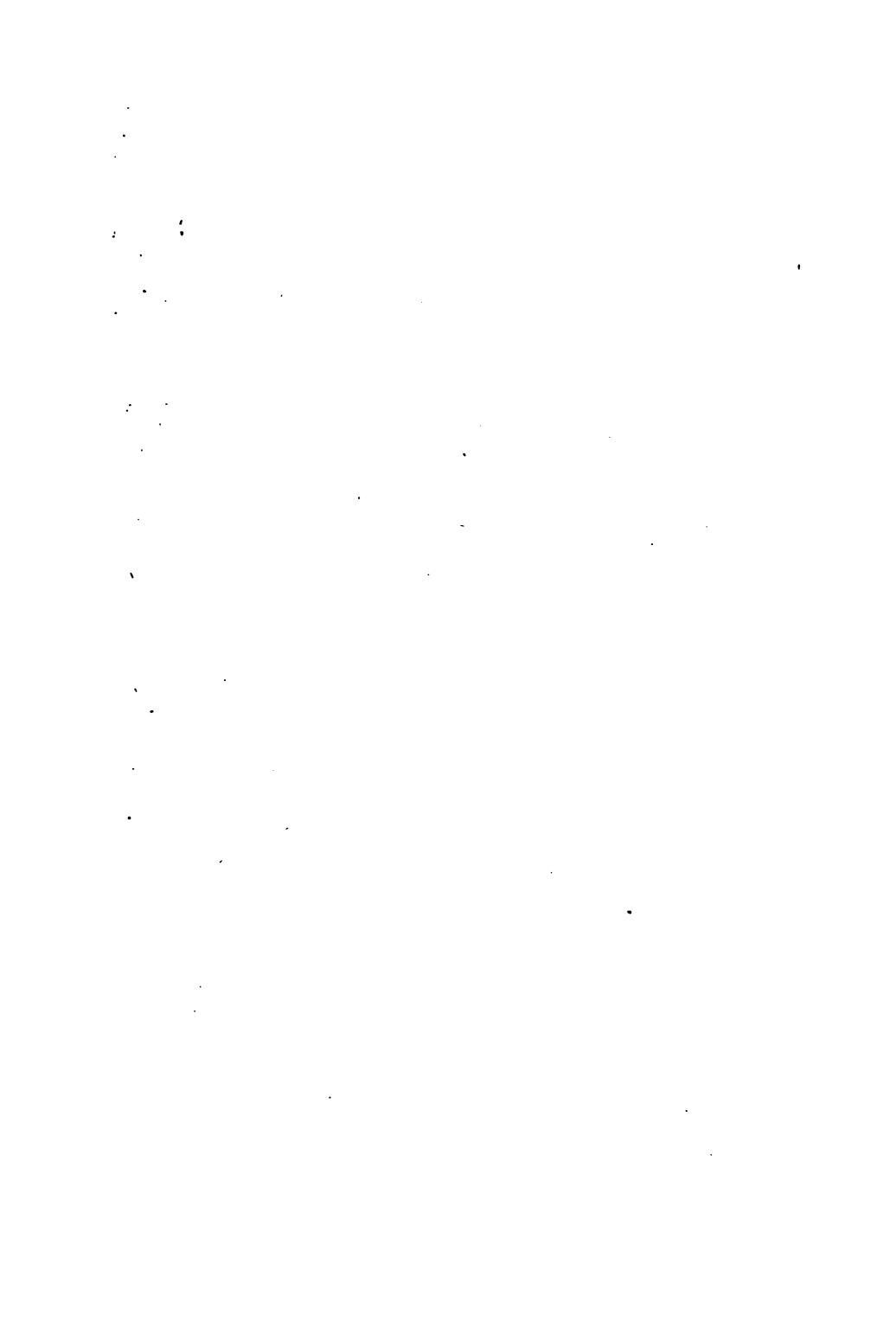
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THE
NORMAL COURSE IN READING.

BY

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SECOND READER.

SELECT READINGS AND CULTURE LESSONS.



SILVER, BURDETT & CO., PUBLISHERS

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THE
NORMAL COURSE IN READING.

COMPRISING :—

PRIMER: Preliminary Work in Reading;

FIRST READER: First Steps in Reading;

SECOND READER: Select Readings and Culture Lessons;

ALTERNATE SECOND READER: Progressive Readings in Nature;

THIRD READER: Diversified Readings and Studies;

ALTERNATE THIRD READER: How to Read with Open Eyes;

FOURTH READER: The Wonderful Things around Us;

FIFTH READER: Advanced Readings in Literature — Scientific,
Geographical, Historical, Patriotic, and Miscellaneous;

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PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

PROBABLY no books in our schools represent, on the whole, more effort and enterprise on the part of publisher and author alike, than the school reading books. They have constantly received contributions from our ablest and most thoughtful educators, and to their publication have been given the best endeavors of our most successful schoolbook makers — facts which abundantly attest the importance of the subject and the interest taken in it by the educational public.

That there have yet remained possibilities for improvement in this department of school work cannot be doubted by any who have followed the discussions of the subject among educators and in the press. Our best teachers have not been satisfied with the readers of stereotyped pattern, and have over and again expressed a desire for something different and better. All this has revealed and emphasized the necessity for improvement, not alone in the manner of presentation, but also in the subject-matter presented.

It is confidently claimed that the Normal Course in Reading fully answers this demand for improvement. Its literature is of the choicest. Its subject-matter is drawn from topics which attract and engage all children, appealing at once to their intelligence and interest, and giving them something to read about and think about. Its order of presentation and treatment is based on true pedagogical principles. Its plan and scope are natural, comprehensive, and in full accord with the most advanced school work of to-day.

A more definite and detailed exposition of the plan, scope, and subject-matter of each book in the series will be found in the "Suggestions to Teachers," prepared by the authors.

The publishers confidently commend the Series to all progressive educators, and anticipate for it large favor at the hands of those who appreciate the best schoolroom work.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

DURING the early part of the child's course in reading, the ability to read understandingly and well will proceed most naturally from the habit of talking well. During the latter part of his course in reading, he will talk interestingly and well, proportionately with his ability to read understandingly and well.

The child will learn to read well most easily, and therefore most rapidly, by first learning to talk well.

The child will take pleasure in learning to read if he has an interest in the subjects about which he is to read. The greater his interest in a subject, the greater will be his delight in reading about it.

It is not good educational policy to simplify reading matter to the child's standard of untrained expression. It is better educational work to raise the child's standard of expression to the plane of good English construction.

This can be done only by training him to talk well. Talking well involves much more than talking with grammatical accuracy. It involves structure of composition, — the sequential arrangement of thought and the use of the idiom that properly and elegantly represents such arrangement. To learn to talk well the child must learn to see groups of associated thought as entireties. He must also see the relations of the parts of such groups or units, if they are descriptions, respecting position, size, color, form, etc.; or, as in a group of events, respecting time or relative importance of the events constituting the unit.

"My children use as good English in common conversation about their studies [the recitations consisted of conversations about topics of which the lessons treated] as is found in the texts that are placed in their hands," said a most successful teacher of reading. This teacher declared it to be most fascinating work to teach children to read.

The subjects about which the child should learn, and be led to talk, are those concerning which he will be afterward called on to read.

Most of the words used in this book are in the vocabularies of the children who will read it. The children know the meanings of most of the words well enough to use them for the expression of what they want to say; but they do not know the use of many of the idioms used. The use of these must be taught them by conversation. Let the teacher remember, however, that the children must be made to do the talking, and when talking must be led to use the proper idiom. After the desired use of the idiom has been secured it may be written on the board, that the child may learn its form before he meets with it in the text.

The children should be made ready to read the lessons of this book by work adapted to the lessons respectively. Definiteness of purpose should characterize every preparation. There should be variety of methods in the work of preparation. The good teacher will give as much variety to this work as is found in the topics on which the lessons treat, increased by the variety found in the forms of their settings.

The children may be prepared for most of the lessons by properly conducted conversation,—the children doing most of the talking.

The children are to be prepared to read a description by first being made able to describe that of which the lesson treats. As the talking lesson proceeds let the difficult words, new phrases, and involved sentences be written on the board, to be read by the children. All of this work should be sequential in its order, accurate in the expression of exact thought, correct in its grammatical construction; and, while showing variety in arrangement and expression, should involve the use of the difficult new words and idioms of the text.

For the lessons in narration let the teacher relate a story, using the utmost care both with the structure of the thought and with the construction of the sentences. Then let the children reproduce the story, being guided to the same care in securing the sequential arrangement of thought and the purity of language. As the reproductions develop, let them appear on the board to be read by the *children*.

For some lessons the children will require a preparation that will give them information. Such preparations will require the use of appliances. The children should be led to formulate this information in good language, arranged in sequential order. Such reproductions should involve the use of the idioms and new words found in the text to be read.

For the reading of some lessons, especial preparation in expression will be required. See pages 43, 82, 140, and others. Nothing but natural talking, the expression of the same or kindred feelings as those represented by the text will fit children to read these lessons properly. Cause the children to feel the proper emotion, then let them talk, after which let them read.

It is assumed that the children will early learn the values of the consonants of the language. This is one of the early steps in learning to read.

With the acquired ability to give the correct sounds of those consonants and combinations of consonants whose values are constant, the child, after the intelligent preparation suggested by the foregoing, will be able profitably to study a lesson as seat work. Such study will be both valuable and interesting to him. Such study should involve the writing of all new words and idioms. The work done by the teacher on the board may be left there for reference while the children are studying their lesson. It is important that the children should learn how to study a reading lesson, should learn how to read for themselves.

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"I cannot play, I must away
And drive the village mill." -- Page 53.

SECOND READER.

SELECT READINGS AND CULTURE LESSONS.

1. MY LITTLE SISTER.



“I have a little sister
Who is only two
years old;
But she's a little
darling,
And is worth her
weight in gold.”

Do you think we would sell her? Sell her! Do you ask if we would sell our little sister? Oh, no, no, we will not sell our baby. We love her too much for that.

2. TELL THE TRUTH.

“Once there was a little boy,
With curly hair and pleasant eye,—
A boy who always told the truth,
And never, never told a lie.”

It is not right to tell a lie.
The boy or girl who tells a lie wrongs
others and disobeys God.

It is mean to tell a lie. Don't you
know it is? Who can trust the boy that

is not always truthful? No one can. We feel afraid of him. He is not a safe boy for a friend. No one likes an untruthful boy for a friend.

If we know a boy who does not tell the truth we avoid him. We don't like to play with him.

It is cowardly to tell a lie. The brave boy will always tell the truth.

How much every one likes a brave, truthful boy! You can see by the face of such a boy that he is brave and manly.

Would you not rather be a brave, manly boy than a cowardly boy?

Always be brave and honest, boys.

“Truth is honest, truth is sure,
Truth is strong and must endure;
Falsehood lasts a single day,
Then it vanishes away.”

pleasant	truth	afraid	friend
cowardly	truthful	avoid	brave
rather	manly	trust	mean
honest	endure	falsehood	vanishes

3. KIND DEEDS.

“How many deeds of kindness
A little child can do!
What if it has so little strength,
And little wisdom too?”

“It wants a loving spirit,
Much more than strength, to prove
How many things a child can do
For others by its love!”

We may all do some good to others if we have the right spirit.

I gave part of my lunch to a poor blind man. Do you think I did not have enough left? I did not stop to think of that.

It made him happy; of course it did, if he was hungry. I think it made me happier than it did the poor man.

One act of kindness each day. Seven each week. How fast they count up!

deeds	strength	wisdom	spirit
prove	lunch	happier	hungry

4. BE SURE YOU KNOW.

“Do you know where you are going, my good boy?”

“Yes, sir, indeed I do.”

“Do you know what you are going for?”

“Certainly I do.”

“Do you know where to find that for which you go?”

“No, sir; that is part of my errand. I know what I want to get; I know it is in the town where I am going, but I don't know exactly where. I shall find that out at once, get what I want, and then go home.”

That is right, my boy. If you know what you want, and have a plan for getting it, half of your work is done; you waste no time; everything you do counts.

Be sure you know what you want to do, then have a plan for doing it.

certainly	town	errand	exactly
waste	once	succeed	getting

5. GOING AWAY.



Yes, he is going away.

He has just said good-by to his father and mother, his brother and his two sisters.

He is going on the next train.

"I am sorry to go away from home," he said, "but I shall not be gone many weeks. When I come back I shall have much to tell you."

"Good-by, Will," said his little sister. "You must write me the first letter. Write it all to me. That will be my own letter. What will the postman think? A letter from a big brother to his little sister. Won't that be fine?"

“Let us hear from you often, my boy,” his father said, as he shook his hand. “We shall want to know how you get along.”

His mother told him, that if he should be hungry on the way he would find some lunch in his satchel. That is just like a mother! She is always trying to make her children happy.

“Good-by, Will,” she said, “we shall talk about you and wish you a good journey when we sit at the table and see your chair with nobody in it.”

He looks like a good boy. I hope he will come back to his friends safe and well.

I hope, too, that he will enjoy his journey.

train	next	write	postman
along	often	satchel	journey
sorry	safe	enjoy	friends
nobody	shook	father	mother

Some little nook or sunny bower
God gives to every little flower.

6. THE STORY OF ONE CENT.

Do you know my name? If you look you will see that my name is plainly print-



ed on my face. Sometimes people call me Penny, but that is not my name. It is One Cent, and nothing else. I am very sure you, children, never saw a penny.

Would you like to know where I once lived? My first home was deep down in the ground, where the light of day never goes. It was very dark there.

Many, many years ago men dug down into my dark home and brought me up to see the bright, beautiful world. How pretty everything looked to me. I did not want to go back.

Was I One Cent then? Oh, no; perhaps your papa will show you what I was like, and tell you what I was called.

In a curious place called a copper mint I was made into the shape I am in now.

Sometime you will learn all about the trials I passed through. What'a hard time I had! Since I have been One Cent I have had happy times. I am going, going, going all the time.

There is no rest for me, but I enjoy it.

People say I was very pretty when I was new. I think you would like to know about a few of the things I have done.

One day a kind boy gave me to a blind man who looked very, very poor. The hungry man bought some bread with me. I was very glad to make him happy.

What did the baker do with me? He let me go for a tin whistle for his little boy. The next I remember, a little girl gave me to her baby sister, who threw me away. For some time I lay in the dirt. One day the nurse picked me up, and gave me to a little girl.

Don't you think I made people happy?

plainly	printed	penny	nothing
brought	copper	mint	trials
people	bread	baker	whistle

7. THE RAIN.

See how it rains !

Why do we have rain ?

Would it not be much better to have the sun shine every day of the year ?

Oh, no, for then the trees and pretty flowers would die.

We, too, could not live without rain.

The rain fills the springs, the rivers, and the wells. If it were not for the rain we should have nothing to drink.

Would you like that ?

The rain washes the dust from the trees and flowers.

When the sun shines again, everything looks fresh and clean. We then like to walk out in the garden.

The rain has cooled the air and washed the trees and plants.

In some places there is little rain.

There are no flowers or plants.

There are no birds, and very few other animals.

People cannot live in these places.

You see rain is a good thing after all.
When we want to play, of course we wish
it would not rain.

See! the rain is over.

How clean and fresh everything looks in
the sunlight!

“Down falls the pleasant rain,
To water thirsty flowers;
Then shines the sun again,
To cheer this earth of ours.

“If it were always rain,
The flowers would be drowned;
If it were always sun,
No flowers would be found.”

rains	year	shine	without
rivers	washes	garden	places
course	clean	springs	cooled

“Rain! rain! April rain!
Bring the flowers back again;
Yellow cowslip and violet blue,
Buttercups and daisies too.”

8. THE SNOW.

What is snow ?

It is frozen water dust.

Oh, how funny !

Yes, it is funny ; but it is true.

The water dust, of which the clouds are formed, freezes into beautiful feathery flakes of snow.

How pretty they look !

Little white stars and circles.

Down they come, covering the ground with a beautiful mantle.

The woods look like fairyland, with all the trees clothed in white.

But soon the sun shines out. The trees are no longer white.

The snow melts and falls from the branches.

The hillsides are covered with little streams of ice-cold water.

Were it not for the snow, the trees and flowers would die during the long, cold winter.

The snow is for the tree what the comforter is for you at night in bed.

It keeps the roots of the trees and other plants warm.

In the spring, when the snow melts, the roots drink in the water, and soon we see the pretty little buds on the branches and twigs.

The ground was all covered with snow one day,

And two little sisters were busy at play,

When a snowbird was sitting close by on a tree,

And merrily singing his chick-a-dee-dee.

F. C. WOODWORTH.

frozen	funny	true	winter
summer	circles	fairyland	mantle
hillsides	comforter	busy	clothed

“Good-by little flowers,
The icy winds sing;
Snow, blanket them over,
Sleep till the spring.”

9. THE VIOLET'S GIFT.

Two tiny brown seeds were lying away deep down in the brown earth.

Their mother had put them to sleep in the fall, when the birds flew south.

There they slept, cozy and warm all winter.

But spring came, when one baby seed began to move.

"Oh dear, I do believe it is time for me to go! Do you hear, brother seed? It is time for us to move."

But the other baby seed was too sleepy to answer.

"What fun to go so soon to see the beautiful world," said the little seed as the tiny stem hurried up through the soft brown earth.

Soon the little plant was full of leaves and buds.

"Oh, dear! It is very cold to-day," said the little seed, "I don't believe spring has

come to stay. There, my eye is beginning to open. I can see the world now."

"How bare the trees are! The grass isn't here. No robins or bluebirds are anywhere to be seen. Why did I get up so early? Why did the rain tap me? I wish I could go back."

Just then two little boys came walking slowly through the woods.

They were hunting violets. So far neither boy had found even a bud.

"I did so hope we could find a few violets to take to poor Elsie. She is so fond of violets. I am afraid we shall have to give it up, Frank."

The little boys were so close to the violet that it heard what they said.

"I will lift my head so they can see me. I will not be so selfish as to hide from them."

"Ray Clark!" cried Frank, "where are your eyes? What is that at your feet?"

"A violet! I just looked there. How could I help seeing it?"

But the violet knew.

“How happy this will make little Elsie. Mamma is going to let her come down stairs this afternoon. She has been sick for two months.”

The boys took the little violet with them, roots and all, and put it into a flowerpot filled with dirt.

It would be hard to find two happier boys than Ray and Frank were as they carried the beautiful flower to their sister's room.

What child can tell why the boys were so happy?

Mamma placed the plant in the window near Elsie's chair.

slept	cozy	believe	hurried
early	walking	hunting	beginning
neither	even	selfish	tiny
stairs	thoughts	cried	noble

He who has noble thoughts with him is never alone.

10. FALLING SNOW.

See the pretty snowflakes
Falling from the sky!
On the walls and housetops
Soft and thick they lie.

Now how fast they gather
On the branches bare;
By the wind they're wafted,
Filling all the air.

Look into the garden
Where the grass was green;
Covered by the snowflakes,
Not a blade is seen!

Now the bare brown bushes
All look soft and white;
Every twig is laden.
What a pretty sight!

snowflakes	sky	walls	housetops
gather	wafted	bare	laden
sight	they're	bushes	branches
pretty	filling	garden	covered

11. SUMMER SPORTS.



Yes, we had a good time.

Of course we did. Why should n't we have a good time? It did n't rain; the sun was not very hot. We found plenty of berries; then we had a good ride home on a load of hay.

The wagon would go down on one side sometimes, and then on the other, so that we had to hold on by clinging to the pole in the middle of the load.

Once, when the wagon went over a very *rough place*, I almost fell off. We did not

fall; but a basket of berries did. It fell off and struck on a large rock.

You should have seen the berries fly about. I laughed and laughed till I came near falling off myself.

As the berries that fell were Mary's, I think she was a little vexed because I laughed so heartily.

John, the driver, laughed too; but he kept his head turned away so that Mary could not see him.

He went back and picked up the basket, and threw it up to us.

Each one of us who had lost no berries gave Mary a few, so her basket was filled as full as it was before it fell.

What fun it is to ride on a load of hay over a rough road!

plenty	berries	wagon	pole
clinging	heartily	laughed	vexed
enjoyed	driver	because	road
load	struck	threw	kept
basket	should	myself	John

12. THE ANXIOUS LEAF.

Once upon a time a little leaf was heard to sigh and cry, as leaves often do when a gentle wind is about. The twig said, "What is the matter, little leaf?" To which the leaf replied, "The wind just told me that one day it would pull me off and throw me down to die on the ground!"

The twig told it to the branch on which it grew, and the branch told it to the tree. When the tree heard it, it rustled all over, and sent back word to the leaf, "Do not be afraid; hold on tight, and you shall not go till you want to." So the leaf stopped sighing, but went on nestling and singing.

Every time the tree shook itself and stirred up all its leaves, the branches shook themselves, and the little twig shook itself, and the little leaf danced up and down merrily, as if nothing could ever pull it off. And so it grew all summer long till October.

When the bright days of autumn came, the little leaf saw all the leaves around becoming very beautiful. Some were yellow, and some scarlet, and some striped with both colors. Then it asked the tree what it meant. And the tree said, "All these leaves are getting ready to fly away, and they have put on these beautiful colors because of joy."

Then the little leaf began to want to go, and grew very beautiful in thinking of it; and when it was very gay in color, it saw that the branches of the tree had no color in them, and so the leaf said, "O branches, why are you lead color and we golden?"

"We must keep on our work clothes, for our life is not done; but your clothes are for holiday, because your tasks are over."

Just then a little puff of wind came, and the leaf let go without thinking of it, and the wind took it up, and turned it over and over, and whirled it like a spark of fire in the air, and then it fell gently down under the fence among hundreds of

other leaves, and began to dream, — a dream so beautiful that perhaps it will last forever.

HENRY WARD BEECHER in "Norwood."

autumn	stirred	striped	tight
holiday	scarlet	whirled	themselves
stopped	tasks	merrily	forever.

13. LITTLE DANCING LEAVES.

"Little dancing leaves
In the garden bower,
Which among you grieves
Not to be a flower?
'Never one!' the light leaves say,
Dancing in the sun all day.

"Little dancing leaves,
Roses lean to kiss you;
From the cottage eaves
Nestling birds would miss you.
We should tire of blossoms so,
If you all to flowers should grow."

14. THE BLOODROOT.

My home is in a sunny meadow near a small stream.

I have many friends, some of whom are the spring beauty, the sleepy violet, and the fairy buttercup.

My stem is tall and straight.

On my head are many narrow, snow-white petals which guard my yellow crown.

My strong leaves have ribs and veins extending out toward the deeply cut margins.

Down into the ground I send my thick red root. It helps me to stand strong and straight.

Take care, little boy! Do not cut my root! If you do it will bleed.

I am the bloodroot.

Red as blood is my juice or sap, white as snow are my petals, and yellow as gold are my stamens.

fairy
bleed

guard
stamens

extending
margins

toward
straight

15. SOAP BUBBLES.



There were large bubbles and small bubbles! How they floated in the air! What pretty colors they had! How quickly they went away!

The bubble Fred blew fell into Nellie's face. Then how the children laughed!

Each child had a clay pipe. Each dipped his pipe into soapsuds. On each bowl a thin film of water was left. Then each blew into the stem of the pipe.

The breath stretched the thin film of water and made it into a round bubble. There was air in the bubble. The walls of the bubble were made of water.

There were beautiful colors in the walls of the bubbles.

The children saw red, yellow, and blue. Sometimes they saw green, purple, and orange.

Red, yellow, and blue are sunlight colors. The sunlight painted them in the bubbles. When two of the sunlight colors came together they united and made another color.

The blue and the yellow made green.

The blue and the red made purple.

The red and the yellow made orange.

Red, blue, yellow, green, orange and purple are rainbow colors. Sometimes the children saw little rainbows in the bubbles.

The children saw something else too. What do you think they saw? They saw the pictures of little boys and girls. Pictures of children in soap bubbles! How strange that is!

Whose pictures were they?

bubbles	floated	dipped	soapsuds
bowl	film	stretched	colors
painted	another	together	united

16. TREASURE-BOXES.



How much Jessie thinks of the little box with lock and key which Aunt Fanny gave her! In it she keeps her paper dolls with their fancy hats and aprons. These are her treasures, and the little box is her treasure-box.

Her brother Frank has a treasure-box. In it are beautiful glass marbles with all the rainbow colors in them. The pretty little shells which he picked up on the seashore are there, too. He prizes his treasure-box.

You have treasure-boxes, little boy and little girl. Every one has his treasure-box.

Trees and flowers have their treasure-boxes. If you will go with me I will show you some of the boxes. We may look at the treasures locked in them.

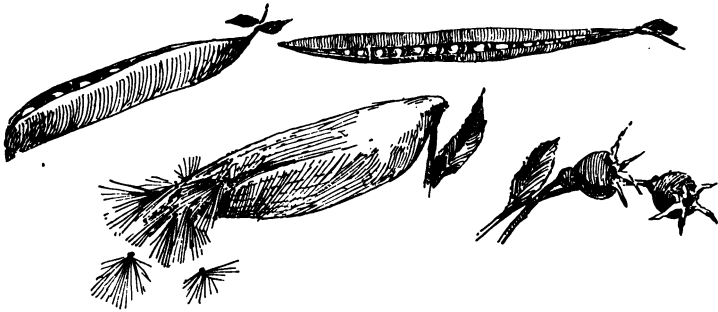
Let us go into the orchard this bright October day. We will sit under the low branches of this apple tree. The large mellow apples are lying on the grass near us.

Let us take one of the apples and cut it. The skin, yellow and rosy, is thin, but very tough. How well it protects the rich juicy pulp which every one enjoys eating!

But what is this in the middle of the pulp? It is a house with five rooms for the little brown seeds. Do you see its strong walls? This is the apple tree's treasure-box. In it she locks her treasures. Why are the apple seeds treasures, do you ask? If there were no apple seeds, little boys and girls, there would be no apple trees. Are they not treasures?

How hard the apple tree has worked all summer, storing up food and drinking in sunshine for her children !

Before leaving the apple tree let us cut one of the apples through the centre. Now cut off as thin a slice as you can, hold it up to the light and look through it. Do



you see anything that makes you think of the blossom ?

You all know that the fruit comes from the blossoms. As the apple grew, it kept in its little heart the picture of its pretty blossom.

Next we will go to the garden to look at the rosebushes. What have taken the places of the beautiful roses ? Look ! the

bushes are covered with red balls or spheres. Each sphere is full of tiny seeds. These are the roses' treasures. Why are they treasures?

Now let us go to the swamp where you gathered the pretty marsh marigolds last spring. On the plants you will find clusters of oval bags as full of seeds as they can be.

The acorns which you have studied and enjoyed so much are the treasure-boxes of the oak tree. Why?

See how many treasure-boxes you can find among the plants to show us tomorrow. I know you will be glad to see the many shapes of these treasures.

Some are almost round like a ball, some are flat and long, others are flat and broad.

The treasures are as funny as the boxes in which they are found.

You will be interested to know that in some boxes there are many more treasures than in others.

How wonderful are these treasure-boxes, and the treasures they contain!

17. LOOKING FOR A HOME.



“Come, Mrs. Robin, let us fly to the orchard and look for a cherry tree. Mr. Bee says a cherry tree makes a very pleasant home for robins.”

“Why, so it does! I had forgotten how well we liked the red cherries last summer.”

It took some time to find just the tree for the new house, as there were so many in Mr. Brown’s orchard. A large one near the barn seemed to suit the pair best.

From the barn window, Mary, Jessie, and Fred were quietly but eagerly watching the robins.

“Oh, aren’t you glad they are making

the nest here where we can see how they do every bit of it! Let us come every day to watch them," said Fred.

The robins were not a bit afraid of the children. They knew they were their friends.

"We are all done, Robin," said Mrs. Red-breast some days later, "except putting the soft wool inside."

"Shall we ask the old sheep for some of hers? I think she will let us have some."

"I'll see about it; but what is that hanging on the fence?"

"It looks like wool," said Mrs. Robin, flying over to the gay colored threads. "It is, indeed; just what we want, too."

"Jessie, Fred, come quick; they have used our yarn," cried Mary. "Look! isn't it pretty,—red, white, and blue. I don't believe these robins ever had a flag nest before."

eagerly	forgotten	pair	indeed
believe	except	wool	every
grieve	flag	before	later

18. NELL AND HER BIRD.

Good-by, little birdie!

Fly to the sky,
Singing and singing
A merry good-by.

Tell all the birdies
Flying above,
Nell, in the garden,
Sends them her love.

Tell how I found you,
Hurt, in a tree;
Then, when they're wounded,
They'll come right to me.

I'd like to go with you,
If I could fly;
It must be so beautiful
Up in the sky!

Why, little birdie —
Why don't you go?
You sit on my finger,
And shake your head "No."

He's off! Oh, how quickly
And gladly he rose!
I know he will love me
Wherever he goes.

I know, — for he really
Seemed trying to say,
“My dear little Nelly,
I can't go away.”

But just then some birdies
Came flying along,
And sang as they neared us
A chirruping song;

And he felt just as I do
When girls come and shout
Right under the window,
“Come, Nelly, come out!”

It's wrong to be sorry;
I ought to be glad;
But he's the best birdie
That ever I had.

wounded	above	wherever	found
chirruping	shout	they'll	ought

19. THE DOG IN THE MANGER.

A sleepy dog went to the barn and jumped into the manger. The manger was full of hay.

"This will make a comfortable bed," said the dog, lying down for an afternoon nap.

Late in the afternoon the oxen came in for their supper.

The dog growled and barked at them. He would not let them come to the hay.

"Stop a moment," said one of the oxen. "Do you want to eat this hay?"

"I would n't think of such a thing," said the dog.

"Very well, then," said the ox. "We are very hungry and tired; we want the hay for our supper."

"Go away!" growled the dog. "Let me alone. I am sleepy."

"What an ugly fellow!" said the ox. "He cannot eat the hay and will not let us have it!"

What does this lesson teach?

20. THE UNFORTUNATE BIRD.

(EXERCISE FOR EXPRESSION.)

Poor thing! I wonder how long it has lain here.

I am so sorry to lose my bird!

How it must have suffered here in the rain and cold! It may have been here all night. Who knows?

Mary ought not to have been so careless! It was stupid in her to leave the cage where the cat could get it. She knew what Tab would do if she could get at the cage.

The only reason she did n't eat the bird is because she could n't get into the cage.

But she threw the cage down and left the bird to die. I'm so sorry!

I am vexed at Mary. Stupid girl!

But I am so sorry for the poor, dear bird.

Oh, it does no good to say, "We can buy another bird." That won't help Dick any. Poor, poor Dick!

I wish I had been here when the cage fell.

21. OLD SAM.



(EXERCISE FOR EXPRESSION.)

What is his name ?

Old Sam.

Did you say he is a good horse ?

You would think him good if you could know how faithful he has been all his life.

Is he afraid of the cars ?

Not he ; he stands still next to the track while the express goes by at the rate of forty miles an hour. I'm not afraid to ride him close to an engine.

Does old Sam like children ?

I think he does, for when we fall from his back he stops so that he may not tread on us. He came to us from the farther end of the lot to eat sugar out of our hands.

Do you love old Sam ?

Oh, yes; we all love him. When we count the boys and girls who are to go to the picnic we always count him, though he pulls the wagon in which we ride. I think old Sam knows that we count him.

Yes, we love old Sam.

Papa says he seems like one of the family.

Do you know how old he is ?

Oh, we never ask his age. He belongs to our company. We don't ask each other's ages. We are old enough to pick berries and gather nuts. He is old enough to take us to the woods and fields where we can find them. He doesn't know our ages; we don't know his. Good, old Sam.

Have you a horse ? What is his name ?

Do you like him as well as we like old Sam ?

faithful	track	express	forty
miles	hour	engine	perfectly
tread	picnic	family	company

22. HIDE-AND-SEEK.

Have you ever played hide-and-seek?

“Yes,” I hear you say, “many, many times; and I have had great fun playing it too.”

So have I played it many times.

I remember that when I was a boy we used to play what we called “I spy.” How many times did we play that game in the large lot behind the old stable!

In the lot were a straw-stack, an old shed, and three or four large oak trees.

What a grand place for “I spy”! There were so many nooks and dark places in

which to hide, so many fine level stretches of ground on which to have races. How we did run! How we did enjoy it, too!

The one who blinded was called the captain. The place where he stood was called the goal or home.

The captain would cover his eyes with his two open hands, and standing close to and facing the stable would count a hundred, so loud that all could hear him.

While the captain was counting, the others hurried away to find hiding places.

The game for the captain was to find each boy and touch the goal first.

How each tried to get home first!

The game for the boys who were hiding was to rush suddenly out from the hiding place, catch the captain, and be carried on his back to the goal or home.

Sometimes the captain had a heavy load to carry.

But the boys were brave and true. Each one would be ashamed not to do all that he ought to do.

23. ROBIN REDBREAST.

I'm little robin redbreast,
My nest is on a tree;
If you but look in yonder glen,
My pleasant home you'll see.
We made it very soft and nice,
My darling mate and I;
And all the time we worked at it,
We sang most merrily.

And did you hear the concert
This morning from our tree?
We give it every morning
Just as the clock strikes three.
We praise our great Creator,
Whose holy love we share;
Dear child, learn thou to praise Him, too,
For all His tender care.

yonder	glen	merrily	pleasant
whose	great	strikes	concert
praise	three	Creator	tender
darling	mate	sang	nice

24. COLD WATER FOR ME.



I asked a sweet robin one morning in May,
That sang in an apple tree over the way,
What 't was he was singing so sweetly
about,

For I'd tried a long time but I could not
find out.

"I am sure," he replied, "you cannot guess
wrong.

Don't you know I am singing a cold water
song?"

How fine it is, when one is thirsty, to
have a drink of good cold water!

I do not see why we should drink any-
thing but water. Then, water for me;
bright water for me!

25. SELFISHNESS.

“Mary, please give me a little of your candy,” said her brother George on Christmas morning.

“No; I want it all myself,” said Mary, peevishly. “All right,” said George.

Mary ate her candy all day long, not giving any to her brother or cousins.

In the afternoon her cousin Frank asked her to ride on his new sled. Off she went, with her candy in her hand.

She had a fine time riding on the sled; but she gave Frank no candy, nor did she thank him for her pleasant afternoon.

At dinner, Mary could not eat any turkey or any pie, for she had eaten so much candy.

In the evening her uncle John came from the city.

He brought with him several boxes of city-made candy, — one box for each boy and girl.

Mary's mother said she should not have any, as she had already eaten too much. This made Mary very sorry ; but her mother was firm, so she had none of her uncle's nice candy.

Next morning, when her brothers and cousins offered her some of their candy, she felt much ashamed of her conduct of the day before.

Don't you think Mary would have enjoyed her candy more had she given some to her brothers and cousins ?

“A little child may have a loving heart,
Most dear and sweet ;
And willing feet.

“A little child may have a happy hand,
Full of kind deeds
For many needs.

“A little child may have a gentle voice
And pleasant tone
For every one.”

26. ADVICE.

There was once a pretty chicken;
But his friends were very few,
For he thought that there was nothing
In the world but what he knew.

So he always in the farmyard
Had a very forward way,
Telling all the hens and turkeys
What they ought to do and say.

"Mrs. Goose," he said, "I wonder
That your goslings you should let
Go out paddling in the water,
It will kill them to get wet."

"And I wish, my old Aunt Dorking,"
He began to her one day,
"That you would n't sit all summer
In your nest upon the hay.

"Won't you come out to the meadow,
Where the grass with seeds is filled?"
"If I should," said Mrs. Dorking,
"Then my eggs would all get chilled."

“No, they won’t,” replied the chicken ;

“And no matter if they do.

Eggs are really good for nothing ;

What’s an egg to me or you ?”

“What’s an egg ?” said Mrs. Dorking ;

“Can it be you do not know ?

You yourself were in an eggshell

Just one little month ago ;

“And if kind wings had not warmed you,

You would not be out to-day,

Telling hens and geese and turkeys

What they ought to do and say !

“To be very wise, and show it,

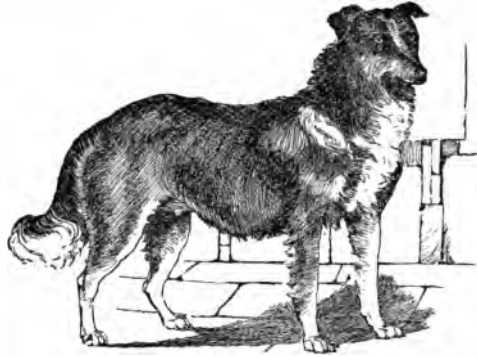
Is a pleasant thing, no doubt ;

But when young folks talk to old folks,

They should know what they’re about.”

forward	farmyard	matter	goslings
paddling	chilled	folks	doubt
geese	advice	really	talk
chicken	replied	Dorking	meadow
filled	turkeys	pleasant	warmed

27. OUR NERO.



Where is Nero ?

Papa has just sent the fine old fellow to the pasture for the cow.

Who is Nero ? Oh, dear ! don't you know him ? He is our dog. Next to papa, he is the principal member of our family.

He has long shaggy black hair, big brown eyes, and a very beautiful tail.

He is an old dog, so he spends much of his time sleeping.

Sometimes, though, he acts like a puppy. He will romp and play with me, chasing sticks, catching ball, and running races.

He watches baby when mamma is busy.
He drives away bad dogs, and goes to the
pasture for our milch cow.

One day I made a playhouse down by
the brook.

I had just told my doll that she might
take a sail on the water. I placed her on
a piece of bark and pushed it off on the
water.

The boat sailed well for a time; but all
at once a little gust of wind upset it so that
dolly was in danger of being drowned. Old
Nero, who was with me, jumped into the
brook, and soon dolly was safe in my arms.

Was not he a brave dog?

We all love Nero very much.

“My dog and I are faithful friends;

We run and play together.

We tramp across the hills and fields

When it is pleasant weather.”

pasture	principal	member	shaggy
tramp	though	puppy	romp
chasing	piece	gust	weather

28. THE STORY OF A GOOD BOY.

Henry was the son of a poor farmer.

This little fellow, Henry, liked play as well as any boy.

The farmer's fields were full of new mown hay. Should it rain before the hay was put safe into the barns, so much would be spoiled.

Mr. Porter had previously promised Henry that he might go that afternoon to visit his cousin who lived in a neighboring town and owned a fine rowboat.

Henry had visited his cousin the year before, and had enjoyed rowing with him on the river.

As he was about to start, he heard his father tell Mrs. Porter that he was afraid it would rain before night. If it should, he feared he would lose some of his hay, since he could not get a man to help him in the field.

When Henry heard this, he said to him-

self, "I think I will stay at home to help father to-day. I would like to see my cousin, and to row in his boat, but I do not want father to lose his hay."

So although it cost him a struggle to give up the pleasure to which he had looked forward so many days, he told his father what he had decided to do.

Mr. Porter was very proud of his boy, and they went to work at once.

It did rain as the farmer had feared, but the last load of hay was safe in the barn just as the rain came upon the valley.

Henry was very tired but very happy that night. His father kissed him, and told him he might go to see his cousin on the next day, and that he need not return for a week.

Oh, how happy Henry was! He could row in the boat every day for a week. He was very glad he had helped his father.

farmer	fellow	spoiled	promised
decided	valley	tired	kissed
lose	rowing	return	save

29. ALL HAVE WORK TO DO.

A child went wandering through a wood
Upon a summer day;
She hoped to meet some pretty thing
To join her in her play.

A honey bee went humming by:
"Stay, little bee," she cried.
"Oh, do come back to play with me!"
And thus the bee replied:

"I cannot stay; I must away,
And gather in my store;
For winter, dear, will soon be here,
When I can work no more."

She heard a pigeon cooing soft
High in the boughs above:
"Come down and play awhile with me,
My gentle, pretty dove."

"I cannot come and play with thee,
For I must guard my nest,
And keep my sleeping children warm
Beneath my downy breast."

She saw a squirrel gathering nuts
Upon a tall beech tree :
“I love to see you bound and leap;
Come down and play with me.”

“I dare not play, I must away,
And quickly homeward hie ;
Were I to stay, my little ones
For want of food must die.”

She came unto a stream that leaped
Between its rocky banks :
“Stay pretty stream and play with me
And you shall have my thanks.”

The stream replied, while in the pool
A moment it stood still,
“I cannot play, I must away
And drive the village mill.”

The child sat down upon a stone
And hung her little head.
She wept awhile and sobbed awhile,
Then to herself she said :

"The stream, the squirrel, dove, and bee
Have all some work to do;
I must not play my hours away;
I must be busy too."

One summer day a little girl went into the woods to play. She hoped the little animals there would play with her.

First she saw a honey bee flying from flower to flower. As it went humming by, she said, "Stop, little bee! Come and play with me."

The bee replied, "I must not be idle. I must gather honey. Soon winter will come; then I cannot work."

In the high branches over her head she heard a pigeon softly cooing. Looking up, she said, "My gentle, pretty dove, come down and play with me."

The pigeon replied, "I must guard my nest and keep my sleeping children warm."

Write the rest of the story, "All Have Work to Do."

What lesson did the child learn?

30. A CHANGE.

I once had a sweet little doll,—
The prettiest doll in the world;
Her cheeks were so red and so white,
And her hair was so prettily curled!

But I lost my poor little doll,
As I played in the fields one day;
And I cried for her more than a week,
But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll,
As I played in the fields one day.
They say she is terribly changed;
For her paint is all washed away,
And her arm trodden off by the cows,
And her hair not the least bit curled:
Yet for old times' sake she is still
The prettiest doll in the world.

One loves true and faithful friends.

prettiest	world	prettily	curled
terribly	changed	washed	trodden

31. ALFRED AND THE CHICKENS.

Alfred was in the garden playing.

Near by was the old hen with a brood of little ones.

“Cluck ! cluck !” said the hen. At once the little ones ran to their mother that had found for them a large fat worm.

From the kitchen door Alfred’s mother called, “Come, my boy, it is time to dress for dinner.”

“Yes, Mamma; I will come in a minute.” But he did not go.

“Cluck ! cluck ! cluck !” cried the hen in dismay; for right overhead she saw a large chicken hawk. She knew her chickies were in danger.

As soon as she called, her babies ran to her, and were soon safe under her wings.

Again Alfred’s mother called to him, “Hurry, Alfred, dinner is ready.”

“Yes, Mamma; I am coming soon.” But he did not go.

“Cluck! cluck!” said the hen. She meant by this, “Let us go to the well where we can get some water to drink.”

The little chicks stopped their search for food at once, and followed their mother to the well.

“Alfred, dinner is on the table and you are not ready. It makes me very sad and sorry not to have you obey me. It makes me believe you do not love your mamma. You will find your dinner in the kitchen. You must eat it there alone, for your clothes are dirty and torn.”

Oh, Alfred, you have made your dear, kind mother sad. I know you love her, but you are thoughtless.

Why did you not obey your mother as the little chicks obeyed their mother?

They did just as the old hen said at the moment she called.

brood	kitchen	minute	dismay
babies	chickies	hurry	meant
ready	dirty	thoughtless	search
right	mother	obeyed	stopped

32. MARSH MARIGOLDS.

These pretty yellow flowers which are on our desks are cowslips, or marsh marigolds.

Marsh marigolds live in wet places, and drink only cold water. So we may call them little temperance flowers.

We are little temperance people too.

The hollow stem looks like a little tube, or pipe. The stem carries the water from the roots to the leaves and flowers.

The leaves, which are shaped like geranium leaves, are dark green, being glossy only on the under face.

At the end of the main stem we almost always find two flowers, and in the axil of each leaf a single flower.



The marsh marigold has no petals.

The calyx, which has five or more sepals, is bright yellow.

In the centre of the flower, standing close together, we find many little men called pistils. These pistils are yellowish green.

Many little yellow soldiers, called stamens, each wearing a yellow hat, stand around the pistils.

“Each flower holds up
 A dainty cup,
 To catch the rain and dew;
 The drink of flowers,
 That comes in showers,
 Is just the drink for you.”

marigolds	tube	carries
temperance	soldiers	main
calyx	pistils	stamens
dainty	showers	hollow
places	sepals	geranium
cowslips	wearing	together
yellowish	glossy	soldiers

33. THE FLAG WE LOVE.

“There are many flags in many lands,
There are flags of every hue;
But there’s no flag, however grand,
Like our Red, White, and Blue.”

There are many kinds of flags in use, but the one we love best is the flag of our country, — the stars and the stripes.

The first flag known as the star-spangled banner was made in the year 1777.

General Washington, with a few others, planned the design from which the flag was made.

At that time there were thirteen States. Their plan was to have a stripe and a star for each State, making thirteen red and white stripes, and thirteen white stars in a blue field. The stars were arranged in a circle.

Six-pointed stars were first thought of; but the woman who made the flag knew

that five-pointed stars would be more pleasing, so that form was adopted.

The flag still contains thirteen stripes, but the blue field has received a new star with every new State admitted into the Union. There are now forty-four States. How many stars should each flag have?

The colors, too, were well chosen. White stands for purity, red for bravery, and blue for truth and justice.



So you see our flag teaches us to love our country, to be brave, true, pure, and just.

Our country's flag, —

“’Tis the star-spangled banner; oh, long
may it wave
O’er the land of the free and the home of
the brave!”

purity	justice	bravery	arranged
thirteen	woman	design	circle

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purity	justice	bravery	arranged
thirteen	woman	design	circle



34. THE HUMMING BIRD.

At the end of one of the twigs of a large tree hangs a tiny little nest. It hangs in the air, and is as light as a feather.

It is made of moss and down and whatever else the bird could find.

It is a sunny little nest. Two tiny eggs the size of peas, and as white as snow, lie in it.

Watch a moment and we will see what bird it is that has built the nest. She has only gone for a sip of honey.

This is a beautiful place to sit and watch the bird. There are flowers all around. Over there is a deep wood.

Hark! the bird is coming! It is the tiniest bird you ever saw. Its body is no larger than an acorn.

Observe how beautiful its feathers are! It has a green crest on its head, which sparkles like a little star. The colors of its body are green, gold, and purple.

What a beautiful thing it is!
Do you know the name of this little
bird ?

“The humming bird! the humming bird!
So fairylike and bright;
It lives among the sunny flowers,
A creature of delight.”

WHO OWNS THE APPLE TREE?

The robin thinks the apple tree
Is all for him, for him,
As he tucks his head beneath his wing
Upon a leafy limb.

The maiden thinks the apple tree
Is all for her, for her,
As she decks with twigs of rosy bloom
Her gown of gossamer.

The farmer thinks the apple tree
Is his from top to root,
As he nails the barrel head above
The red and yellow fruit.

IDA WHIPPLE BENHAM.

35. INDIA RUBBER.



How many of the boys and girls who read this book have rubber balls,—balls that bound and rebound?

Do you know where the men who make the balls get the rubber? Do they make it? Does it grow? Did any one ever tell you that it comes from a tree?

The rubber tree is a tall, slender tree, with leaves shaped much like chestnut leaves. The leaves are very thick and glossy.

Men make deep cuts in these trees.

What flows out of the wounds that are made? Sap like that which you find in

the maple twigs when you break them? Oh, no, not at all like water, but a milky juice nearly as thick as cream, and as sticky as molasses. It looks somewhat like milk-weed sap.

During the day or night the thick milky sap flows into clay cups that men fasten to the trees. When the cups are full, the sap is poured into large turtle shells.

A fire is made of palm nuts, from which rises a thick black smoke. Then a man dips a clay-covered stick into the thick milky sap, which sticks to the clay. He holds the stick in the black smoke until the heat hardens the sap.

He dips the stick in again and again until he has three or four coats of sap on the clay. Of course he lets each coat get dry before he puts on the next. The smoke and the heat harden it. Sometimes the sap is boiled to harden it. It is now India rubber, ready to be sent to the mills.

What is done with the India rubber in the mills?

It is put into a machine and chopped until it is a pulpy mass like dough; then it is washed until the smoke and clay are taken out. How clear and cream-white it is again!

My rubber ball is n't white. John's rubber boots are not white.



No; light always turns rubber dark. Other things have to be mixed with it to make it gray, yellow, or brown.

After the rubber is chopped and washed it is pressed into sheets or blocks; then it is put away to dry. It takes many weeks for it to get perfectly dry.

Name all the things you can that are made of rubber.

rubber	molasses	machine	chopped
sticky	wound	pressed	mixed
pulpy	course	perfectly	dough

36. THE USE OF FOOD.

PART I.

It is arbor day, Alice. Papa has given this little tree to you and me. Is it not a beautiful tree? Will you help me plant it?

We must put the roots into the ground at once or the tree will die. Its strong roots have many tiny branches.

These roots will go down deep into the ground.

There are many little mouths at the ends of the tiny roots which will drink food for the plant. The stem will carry food to the buds. Then the buds will open and make beautiful leaves and flowers for us.

Food makes plants grow.

Food makes boys and girls grow.

arbor	help	food	once
stirred	airy	healthy	neglected
vase	fragrant	weeds	repairs
mends	wears	grown	women

PART II.

Frank and Alice planted their little tree, which lived and grew very fast. Its roots found the right kind of food.

The day papa gave them the tree, mamma gave each a little bed for flowers.

Frank and Alice wanted the beds to be just alike, so they put the same kind of seeds and the same kind of plants in each bed.

Each helped the other in filling the beds. After the beds were done each was to take care of his own garden.

Every day for six weeks the children watered the flower beds, and stirred the soil about the roots of the plants to keep it light and airy.

The roots took the food found in the light airy soil. They fed the plants. The leaves and the stems did their part of the work too. Can you tell what they did?

How fast the seeds and plants grew!
How healthy the plants looked!

As the summer days grew warm Alice neglected her flower bed. She was not careful to pull out the weeds. They took food from the flowers.

She did not keep the soil light and airy about the roots, and she did not give it water, so that the roots could get the right kind of food to feed the plants.

By and by the plants did not grow. The few flowers which were on them were small. The leaves turned yellow. Some of the plants died.

But every morning before breakfast Frank visited his flower bed. If he saw a weed he pulled it out.

He kept the soil light and airy about the roots. He was careful to keep the earth moist. How strong and healthy the plants grew! The blossoms were large and fragrant and beautiful.

Every morning mamma's vase on the table was filled with fresh flowers. How happy they made the whole family.

Was Frank paid for his labor?

PART III.

What made the plants in Frank's bed grow strong and healthy, and have more flowers than the plants in his sister's bed?

Was it not the food they had?

Frank knew how to feed and care for his plants.

What do little boys and girls need to make them grow to be strong and healthy men and women?

They need food. They, as well as plants, must have the right kind of food too.

But do we eat just to make us grow?

Your grown up brother eats as much as you do. Is he any taller this year than he was last year? Then why does he eat?

His body, like his clothes, wears out. He must eat to feed the parts that are wearing out. The food one eats, then, builds and mends or repairs the body.

One must be very careful, however, about what he eats. It is not safe to eat everything that tastes good.

37. TIME.

Sixty seconds make a minute,
Sixty minutes make an hour.
If I were a little linnet,
Hopping in her leafy bower,
Then I should not have to sing it:
Sixty seconds make a minute.

Twenty-four hours make one day,
Seven days will make a week;
And while we all at marbles play,
Or run at cunning hide-and-seek,
Or in the garden gather flowers,
We'll tell the time that makes the hours.

In every month the weeks are four,
And twelve whole months will make a
year.

Now, I must say it o'er and o'er,
Or else it never will be clear;
So once again I will begin it:
Sixty seconds make a minute.

sixty	linnet	bower	hopping
cunning	twelve	seconds	whole

38. THE LION AND THE BEAR.

A lion and a bear once went through the dark, thick wood where they found the body of a dead deer.

Each thought he had the first right to the body; so they quarreled for a long time. Soon they became so angry that they began to fight.

They fought so long and so hard that both were tired and faint from loss of blood.

They lay down on the ground because they could fight no longer.

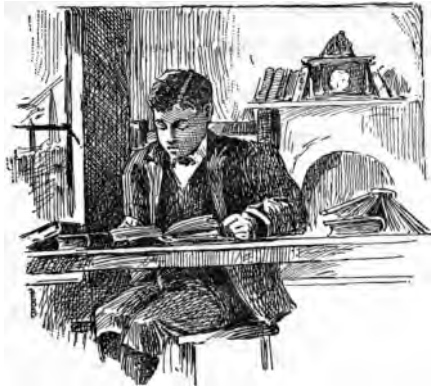
A sly fox that had been watching them, seeing the helpless condition of the lion and the bear, ran to the body of the deer and carried it away piece by piece to his den.

Do you think the lion and the bear were wise?

What does this lesson teach?

quarreled	angry	fight	fought
faint	tired	condition	piece

39. THE READING LESSON.



“Do you like your new book, Roy?”

“I do, Mamma. It is the best book I ever had. It tells how boys and girls play. It makes the pretty birds and flowers talk.”

“Can real flowers talk, Mamma?”

“Yes, Roy, every little flower has a story to tell. Let the flowers talk to you.”

“Yes, I like my book. It tells how things are made, and of what they are made.”

Do you know how your book is made, and of what the paper is made?

40. RAGS! RAGS! ANY OLD RAGS?

“Sort the rags and grind to pulp;
Weave the paper fair;
Now it only waits for words
To be printed there.”

There goes the man who buys rags!
What a load he has! What will he do
with them?

He will send them to the mill to be made
into paper. Visit a paper mill with me.
See how much work has to be done before
the printer can make a book like yours.

In the mill we see a man throwing rags
into a machine; the large rollers are covered
with knives. How sharp they are! They
cut and chop the rags until they are as fine
as mince meat.

Then they are soaked and boiled until
there is no color left in them. You can
see nothing now that looks like rags. It
is fine pulp,—as fine and white as the pulp
of an apple.

Another machine spreads the pulp into thin sheets over sieves which strain it. The thin sheet of pulp then runs between rollers, which press it and make it paper. From these rollers the paper goes between hot iron rollers, which dry and smooth it.

Is all paper made out of worn-out clothes?

Oh, no; there are not enough rags in the world to make all the paper used. Much paper is made of wood; much is made of straw.

Are the wood and the straw made into pulp, too?

Yes, indeed; they are ground, soaked, and boiled until they are nothing but pulp.

I am glad to know how paper is made.

But this is only a part of the work that must be done before you can have your little book.

grind	weave	waits	mince
soaked	boiled	spreads	sieves
strain	iron	meat	press
rollers	visit	smooth	which

41. BE POLITE TO ALL.

You ought to be ashamed to laugh at a poor old woman like that.



Don't do so any more.

She cannot help being old.

She cannot help being poor.

If she could, that is no reason why you should laugh at her.

Be manly. Go to her and help her along. Speak kindly to her. Help her if you can.

“She’s somebody’s mother, boys, you know,
For all she’s aged and poor and slow.
And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother, you understand,
If ever she’s poor and old and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away.”

42. THE FIRST PAPER MAKERS.

Have you ever seen a wasp's nest? Can you not find one for me?

You will enjoy examining it with me, I am sure.

It is made of a white material which looks and feels like very thin paper.

Man first learned to make paper by watching the wasp make its nest.

A great man was sitting at his window reading, one day in the early spring.



As he sat there a wasp flew to the window. She began to gnaw the sash. This man became interested in what she was doing, so he watched her.

She pulled from the sash little pieces of wood no larger than a hair, and no longer than a tenth of an inch.

These little pieces of wood she gathered into a ball with her feet.

When she had as large a ball as she could carry, she flew to her home in the woods. Seeing the direction she took, the gentleman followed her. After some search he found the tree on a branch of which the wasp had started her home.

By watching the wasp when at work, this man learned many interesting things.

The little paper maker covers the fibers of wood with a sticky substance from her mouth, making a pulp or paste of it.

This she spreads on a rock or other smooth surface. She then walks backward and forward over the pulp until the fluid is all squeezed from the wood and the fibers are stuck together.

The wasp now has a piece of paper which is nearly as thin as tissue paper.

It takes the little builder a long, long time to make enough paper to build her nest; but she keeps at the work until her home is done.

Hornets make paper in about the same way. The paper that hornets make, however, is much thicker and firmer than that made by wasps.

Do you blame the wasps and hornets for stinging you when you try to destroy the pretty homes it has taken them so long to build? We should not like to have our homes destroyed by some one stronger than we are.

We have learned many things from animals. Many of the inventions of man are the result of carefully watching dumb animals.

Animals make no mistakes, but they do not improve by practice. A bird's first nest is as well-built as any it ever makes. What animals do, however, is always done just as they want it done.

direction	wasp	tenth	gathered
hornet	squeezed	tissue	stinging
destroy	inventions	result	carefully
dumb	mistakes	gnaw	however

43. JOHN AND THE HILLSIDE.

John pulled his sled all the way to the top of the long hill.

What a tug he had! It seemed to him that he never would reach the top, it was so far off.

The hill seemed steeper to him this time than ever before.

At last he reached the top.

"Now for a ride," said he to himself. "That will rest me, and pay me for all my hard work."

What a ride he had!

"Hurrah for the winter! Hurrah for the snow! Hurrah for the steep hills!" said John, as he reached the bottom of the hill. John had forgotten his hard tug up the hill.

Work for an object, boys. All such work is as pleasant as play.

pulled	steeper	forgotten	object
hurrah	himself	pleasant	reached

44. BIRD TRADES.

The swallow is a mason,
 And underneath the eaves
 He builds a nest, and plasters it
 With sand and hay and leaves.

Of all the weavers that I know,
 The oriole is the best;
 High on the branches of the tree
 She hangs her cozy nest.

The woodpecker is hard at work,
 A carpenter is he;
 And you may hear him hammering
 His nest high up a tree.

Some little birds are miners,
 Some build upon the ground;
 And busy little tailors, too,
 Among the birds are found.

miners	tailors	weavers	plasters
mason	underneath	eaves	oriole
woodpecker	carpenter	hammering	cozy

45. THE FOX AND THE CROW.



One day a crow stole a piece of cheese and flew with it to a tree.

As she sat on a limb of the tree holding the cheese in her bill a hungry fox came along. "How good that cheese smells," thought he. "I will try to get it."

Going close to the tree he said, "Good morning, Mrs. Crow. How beautiful you are! Your feathers are very glossy and

black, and your eyes are bright and beautiful! No other bird that flies in the air is half so pretty as you are, it seems to me. I am sure no other bird can sing half so well as you can. Please sing me a song."

"Caw, caw," said the crow, and down fell the cheese.

The sly fox picked it up and was off to his den before the crow could fly to the ground.

"How foolish I have been!" said the crow.

Be careful when people flatter you. They do not wish anything good for you.

Flattery is one kind of falsehood. One who flatters much injures himself as much as he does the one whom he flatters.

Do you know why?

It is better to hear the truth no matter what it is; better to tell the truth or not speak at all.

Truth is pure metal.

46. PROFITABLE TALKS.

Paul Jones, who lived in the city of New Orleans, spent one summer vacation with his cousin George. George lived on a farm in Illinois. Do you know where the State of Illinois is?

The boys were interested in the grain and fruits raised in the different parts of the United States. They had many pleasant and useful talks about the wheat, oats, barley, rye, and corn, which they saw growing in the fields.

George told his cousin Paul how the ground was prepared for the different kinds of grain, when the seed was put into the ground, and whether it was planted or sowed.

He told him, also, about the great reapers drawn by four horses, which the farmers use in cutting the grain when it is ripe.

What does planting mean?

What does sowing mean?

THE COTTON FIELDS.

One morning as the boys were sitting in the orchard not far from the house, Paul told George about the pretty cotton plants in the South.

“I wish you would go home with me, George, and stay through the months of September and October. At that time of the year the fields are white with the fleecy cotton.

“The plants begin to flower in June. In the morning the blossoms open, when they are a light cream color, which changes to deep pink toward evening. In a day or two the pretty petals drop off, leaving small green pods or bolls.

“The bolls grow until they are nearly as large as hens’ eggs. The hot sun makes them hard and brown.

“As soon as the cotton seeds are ripe the brown bolls split to let the fleecy white cotton come out. Each plant looks as if it were covered with little snowballs.

“Now the picking begins. The fields are alive with busy workers. Each carries



a basket or a bag into which to put the cotton. The cotton is put into a machine which picks out the seeds. Do you know what the machine is called?

“After the seeds are picked out the cotton is packed and sent to the mills. There it is spun and woven into cloth.”

Is all cotton cloth made from cotton that comes from plants?

“See we now the cotton plant;

Bravely may it grow,
Bearing in its seeded pod,
Cotton white as snow.”

WEAVING AND PRINTING.

“Boys, I heard a little of the story about cotton to-day,” said Mrs. Lee, as the boys were sitting on the farm-house porch after tea.

“Perhaps you would like to look at these little pieces of cloth in my work basket. These are all made of the cotton that comes from the plants.”

“Look at this piece, George,” said Paul. “Do you see this thread woven in over one and under one? A machine sends a shuttle carrying this thread back and forth between the other threads. It goes so fast, one cannot see the tiny thread which it carries.

“Here are pieces which have colored figures on them. How were these forget-me-nots and leaves woven into this piece, Mrs. Lee? Do they have different colored threads for each figure, and as many different shuttles?” asked Paul.

“Flowers and figures are not woven in calico,” answered Mrs. Lee. “They are

printed on the cloth. Do you remember how you cut the leaves and flowers in the clay slabs which you made?

“Flowers just like these blue forget-me-nots were cut in a copper roller. Blue dye, much like blue paste, was spread over the roller. As the roller went round and round a knife scraped off all paste except that which went into the cut figures.

“Then the cloth was run between this pictured roller and a smooth one, and came out pictured with the blue flowers. Another roller had figures cut all over it just like these brown stems and leaves.”

“What color was the dye which was put on that roller?”

“Only one color can be printed at a time. After the calico is printed it is called print.”

“How are the colored papers which we fold made?”

“Do you mean the paper which is white on one side and colored on the other? Colored paste is put on one side of the white paper as it passes between rollers.

47. POLLY'S DOLLY.

Shining eyes, very blue,
 Opened very wide;
 Yellow curls, very stiff,
 Hanging side by side;
 Chubby cheeks, very pink,
 Lips red as holly;
 No ears and only thumbs,—
 That's Polly's dolly.

Merry eyes, very round,
 Hair crimped and long;
 Two little cherry lips
 Sending forth a song;
 Very plump and rather short,
 Grand ways to dolly;
 Fond of games, fond of fun,—
 That's dolly's Polly.

plump	holly	chubby	crimped
cherry	eyes	cheeks	yellow
thumbs	rather	games	little
hanging	stiff	grand	very
ears	that's	curls	blue

48. A TALK ABOUT BUDS.

Do you know the pretty story of Cinderella? I hope you do. Do you re-



member how the fairy godmother came one day and touched Cinderella with her wand and changed her from a ragged, dirty little girl into a beautiful lady dressed in silks and jewels?

If you have not heard or read the story your teacher will tell it to you, I hope.

The story of a bud is much like that story. I think it is just as strange and just as pretty.

Some buds have within them only leaves,

some only flowers, others have both leaves and flowers. The buds of the horse-chestnut have both leaves and flowers within them.

All the winter these trees are covered with hard, brown, scaly buds ; but when the fairy Spring comes and touches them with her warm fingers they open, when out spring the bright green leaves and the spikes of beautiful white flowers.

Inside of the bud is a nest of soft cotton, in which the leaves and flowers are kept as warm as a baby in a cradle.

How strange it is that the buds are thus kept warm and safe from the cold frosts of winter.

If they come out too soon after a few days of warm sunshine, they may be frozen, or nipped by late frosts. The buds of fruit trees sometimes do that. Then we have no fruit on those trees.

godmother	wand	ragged	jewels
cotton	only	scaly	spikes
fairy	nipped	frosts	chestnut

49. PULP.

You have learned how paper is made from rags, and you have learned that there are not enough rags to make all the paper needed.

Paper is sometimes made from wood.

“Oh, how funny! I can hardly believe that,” do you say?


Would you like to know how wood is made into pulp?

First, the logs are cut from pine trees, away up in the mountains.

After being cut a certain length the logs are put in the river and allowed to float down stream to the mill or factory where the pulp is made.

Here the bark is first shaved off the logs.

These logs are then passed to a man who splits them into four parts, or quarters. These small pieces are then placed in a machine that looks like a very large coffee mill.



The wood is ground into little pieces. The pieces are so small and white that they look like meal. These small pieces of wood are called fibres.

Boiling hot water is poured over these fibres of wood to soften them. Then a thick sticky fluid is formed that looks like milk.

This fluid is taken to another part of the building.

Now the last work is done. The water is separated from the fibres, leaving a thicker substance that looks and feels much like very wet pasteboard.

Do you think you can understand how this is done?

You must first have before you several clothes wringers. Of course the rollers used in the factory are much larger than those that you will have.

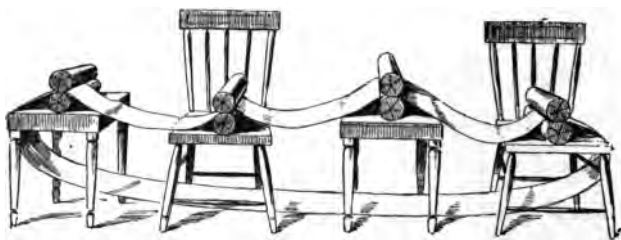
Now place your rollers in this position, using tables and chairs.

When you have done this, ask your mamma for a long, narrow piece of very

strong cloth. Run this cloth between the rollers of each of the wringers. Now securely fasten the ends, pulling them together as tight as possible. What you have made will look like the picture.

The cloth is called an apron.

All the wringers must be turned at the



same time. The milky fluid is then poured on the apron.

Round and round goes the apron through the wringers. The water is all pressed out. Soon the pulp begins to form, the fibres sticking together, being pressed all the time in going through the wringers. At last the wringers are stopped, when we have a piece of pulp.

It is like wet cardboard, but much

thicker. It is easily torn, so it must be carefully handled.

This material is sent to the paper factory, where it is made into paper.

Do you now understand how pulp is made from wood?

Some paper is made of wood-pulp and rags mixed.

What trees are used in making wood pulp?

Where are these trees found?

How are they sent to the factory?

Into how many parts are the logs first cut?

What is done with the wood after it is cut into quarters?

What changes the mealy wood or fibres into a sticky fluid?

Tell how the pulp is separated from the milky fluid.

How does the pulp look after the water has been pressed out of it?

mountains certain wringers allowed

50. THE PRINTER.

To-day we shall visit the printer to watch him in his work.

There he stands before a desk on which is a box full of type. He is setting type.

“What is type?”

Letters are cut on small blocks of metal. There is one letter on each block. These blocks of metal are called type?

The printer sets the type one letter at a time until he finishes a whole page.

The picture shows a line of type set.



Can you read it? You see the letters are upside down. When printed they look like this: **Always read good books.**

Many pages are needed to make a book. It takes a long time to set type and get the pages ready for the pressman.

“What does the pressman do,” do you ask?

The pressman puts the pages into a machine called a printing press.

There they are covered with ink. Then paper is run into the machine, one sheet at a time, and the type is pressed against it. In this way the words are stamped on one side of the white paper, just as you see them in the books which you read.

“When I’m a man
I’ll make pretty books with pictures all
through;
And papers I’ll print, and send them to
you.
I’ll have the first reading. Oh, won’t it
be fun
To read all the stories before they are done,
When I’m a man.”

type metal stamped spell

51. LITTLE THINGS.

A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well
Where weary men might turn.

He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle at its brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that toil might drink.

He passed again, and lo! the well,
By summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching
tongues,
And saved a life besides.

“Kind hearts are the gardens,
Kind thoughts are the roots,
Kind words are the blossoms,
Kind deeds are the fruits.”

fern	scooped	weary	walled
ladle	judged	parching	tongues.

52. THE CLAY LESSON.

PART I.

“What did you do in school this morning, Alice?” asked Mrs. Gray, as her little girl entered the sitting room.

“After recess we read, and then we had a lesson with the clay. It is fun to work with clay.”

“I should like very much to know what you did with the clay. Can you tell me?”

“I think I can. First the teacher, Miss Clark, gave each one a

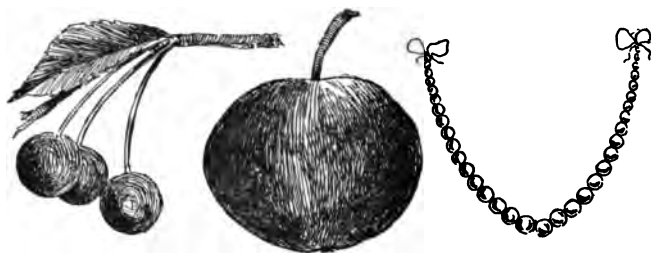


small piece of clay. Each made a ball or sphere. We make spheres first. Miss Clark says the sphere is the simplest form. It is easy to make a sphere if the clay is soft.”

“Do you know what simplest means?”

“The easiest form, I think ; I know it is the most easily made of the objects we have tried to make.

“Then we named all the things that we could think of that are spheres, or nearly like spheres, in shape. Drops of water,



drops of milk, and drops of oil are spheres. Many fruits, too, are like a sphere in shape.”

“How did you make the sphere?”

“Each of us took a piece of clay and lightly pressed it with the tips of our fingers until we made it round. We did it very gently, and quickly too ; for if the clay is handled too long it will crack.”

entered	recess	hemisphere	modeled
pictures	sphere	fruits	Alice
simplest	soldier	handles	saucers

PART II.

“After making the spheres we cut them in two with a fine wire. Then each had two half spheres. *Hemi* means half, so we called each a hemisphere.

“Many, many things were made out of those hemispheres. There were cups with handles, and cups without handles, bowls, saucers, caps, and hats.

“I made a soldier cap.

“It looked like this.



“Do you see the button on the side? That was not made and then fastened on the side. It was modeled in it, for all parts must be modeled in the object.



“Here are pictures of some of the things made from the hemisphere.”

53. OCTOBER'S PARTY.

October gave a party:

The leaves by hundreds came, —
The Ashes, Oaks, and Maples,
And the leaves of every name.

The sunshine spread a carpet,
And everything was grand.
Miss Weather led the dancing;
Professor Wind the band.

The Chestnuts came in yellow,
The Oaks in crimson dressed;
The lovely Misses Maple,
In purple, looked their best.

All balanced to their partners,
And gayly fluttered by.
The sight was like a rainbow,
New fallen from the sky.

Then in the rustic hollows
At hide-and-seek they played.
The party closed at sundown,
And everybody stayed.

54. CLAY WORK.

PART I.

Did you like the objects that we made from the clay sphere and hemispheres that I showed you the other day?

After we made those we made clay cylinders.

From the clay cylinders the children made vases, tumblers, bottles, jugs, rolling-pins, and muffs.



Here are the pictures of some of the things we made.

Would you like to know how to make a clay cylinder? It is not hard to make one. This is the way that I made mine: First I made a sphere; I then put the sphere on a flat surface and rolled it back and forth.

The solid was then round in one direction. The ends were pointed.

I then held the solid between the thumb and the forefinger of my right hand and tapped one end of it on the desk three times; then I tapped the other end three times. After this I rolled it as I did at first.

There were dimples in the ends of the cylinder which I filled with moist clay.

After pressing and smoothing the ends of the cylinder with my fingers, I tapped it on the desk as I did at first. That was done to give the faces sharp edges.

To make a muff for my doll I did not fill the hollow ends of the cylinder with clay. Instead of putting a little clay into each end of the cylinder I took a little out. This made the ends look like the ends of a muff.

sphere	cylinders	bottles	vases
pictures	surface	solid	would
tapped	forefinger	rolled	three
smoothing	hollow	objects	right.

PART II.

One day the children made clay leaves and flowers on slabs of clay. I painted mine in water colors, which made them look much like real leaves and flowers.

Shall I tell you how I modeled a plantain leaf?

First I made a clay slab, oblong in shape. It was about six inches long, four inches wide and one inch thick. I then drew a leaf on the slab that looked like the plantain leaf lying on my desk.

After drawing the leaf I cut away some of the clay on the slab outside the leaf. This left a raised leaf on the slab. With my fingers I pressed away the clay on the under side of the leaf near the margin.

After modeling the margin and pressing here and there on the leaf so as to make it look like a real leaf, I drew the veins.

I shall soon be able to make a leaf look as if it were lying on one half of the under face.

55. THE NEW SLED.

“That is a good sled, Fritz. What did you give for it?”

“I did not buy it. I made it.”



“Can you make a sled, Fritz?”

“Yes; but I had to try many times before I could fix the runners to suit me.”

“Father laughed at me; but he told me to stick at it,—to try hard.”

“I did keep at the work a long time. I think if father had not been watching me, I should have given it up. Every time I looked up at him I felt that he wanted me to succeed.”

“The sled is done now. I like it better because I made it. I could have bought a sled, but that would not have pleased me so much as this does.”

56. FOLDING PAPER.

PART I.

Mamma, I like our lessons in drawing. We have that lesson every day. We do not always draw, because that is only a part of the work.

Sometimes we model forms in clay, after which we draw the objects. Sometimes we describe the models, make them of paper, then tell how different ones are made.

Sometimes we fold colored papers, cut them and paste them into borders or rosettes, making useful designs. All the children like to work with colored paper.

In folding paper we use squares of paper.

A square of paper has four equal sides and four square corners, or right angles. Many, many different forms can be made by folding the square.

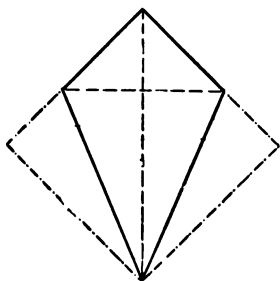
I can fold three kinds of triangles, all the four-sided figures, and many of the forms having more than four sides. Then a circle is easily cut from a square.

PART II.

Do you know the four-sided figure called the kite-form?

It is made by folding the square. I will show you how to make it.

Place a square of paper on the desk with one corner touching the front edge of the desk.



Fold the left corner to meet the right corner. Crease the paper and unfold it. Find the diagonal of the square.

Fold the lower left edge to meet the diagonal. Crease the paper.

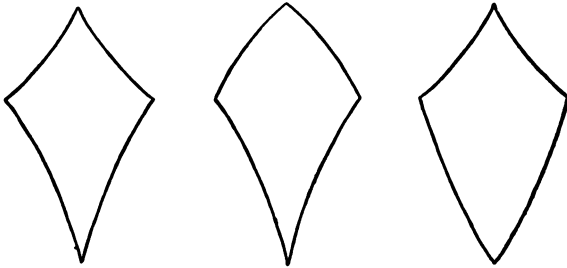
Fold the lower right edge to meet the diagonal. Crease the paper.

See! it is a four-sided figure with no two of its sides parallel. It has one right angle, one acute angle, and two obtuse angles.

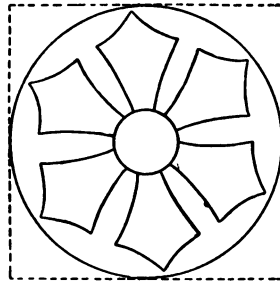
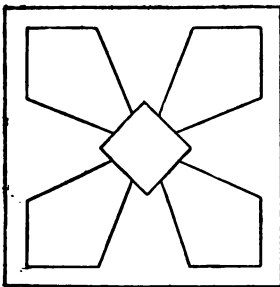
Make rosettes repeating the kite-unit four times within a square, three times within a triangle, and four times within a circle.

PART III.

Here are some units which we made by giving to the kite-form curved edges instead of straight ones.



Then we made designs using these units.

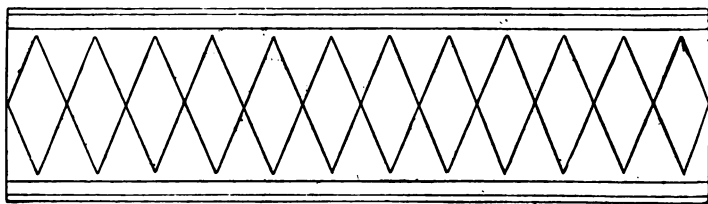


In the first design light red units are pasted on a red square. In the second one, red units are pasted on a light red circle. I put a small square in the centre of one and a circle in the centre of the other.

PART IV.

By folding, the kite-unit is easily changed to another four-sided figure. It is like a diamond in shape. Make it this way.

Fold the square to make the kite-unit. Fold the upper right edge to meet the diagonal. Fold the upper left edge to meet the diagonal. Turn the paper over. Is it not like a diamond in shape?



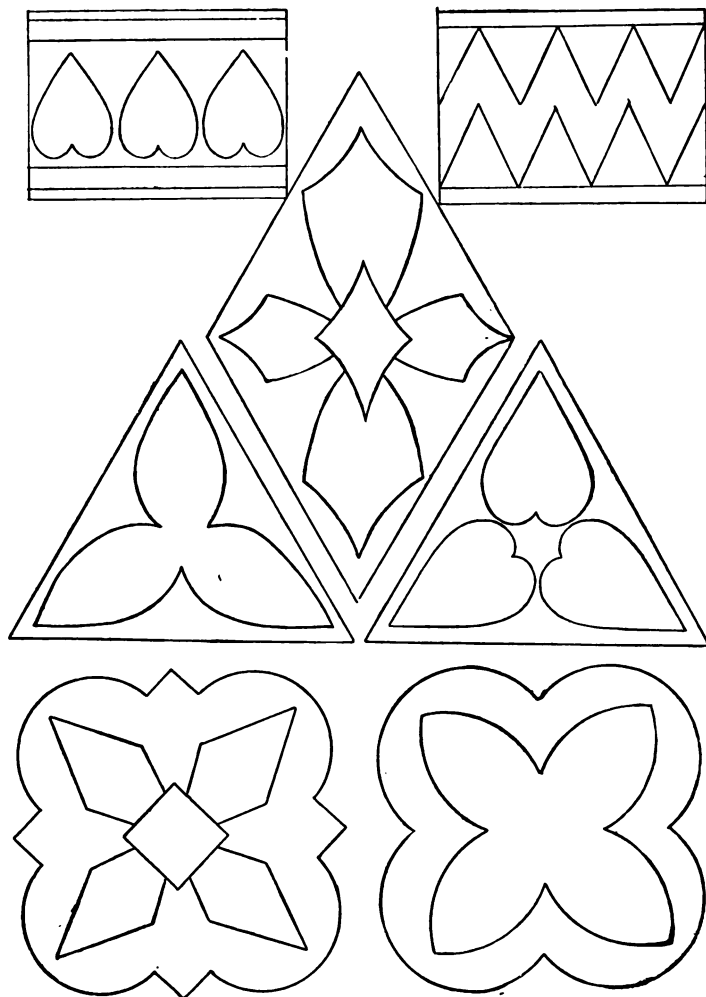
Here is a border that Jessie made.

The figure, diamond in shape, is easily made from the oblong. I think you can make it if you try.

Many beautiful designs can be made by using this unit.

Compare the shapes of leaves with these units. Change these units into shapes of leaves, out of which make borders.

PART V.



57. THE BLACKSMITH.

“Blacksmith very fine,
Can you shoe this horse of mine?
Yes, sir, that I can
As well as any other man.”

The blacksmith must think quickly and act promptly.

He puts the iron into the fire, then blows the fire with the bellows until the iron is very hot,—red hot. When iron is red hot it is so soft that it can be pounded into any shape.

If the blacksmith waits too long after he takes the iron out of the fire, the iron will cool; then it will become hard. He cannot then make what he wishes to make of the iron. It is too hard to work with. The blacksmith must “strike while the iron is hot.”

That is the first lesson the blacksmith has to learn. It is a good lesson for him.

Have you not heard the sound of the anvil as the blacksmith strikes it with his heavy hammer? How steadily he works from early morn till late at night. He makes iron shoes for the horse, and fastens them on the horse's feet with iron nails.

This does not hurt the horse, for the hoof of the horse is much like your finger nails. You know you can cut your finger nails with a knife without pain.

The horse's hoofs can be cut so the iron shoes will fit them, after which the nails may be driven through them and clinched, so as to fasten the shoes on securely.

How do shoes protect the horse's hoofs?

“When I'm a man
A blacksmith I'll be, if I can.
Clang, clang, clang, shall my anvil ring;
And this is the way the blows I'll swing.
I'll shoe your horse, sir, neat and tight;
Then I'll trot round the square, to see if
it's right, —

When I'm a man.”

58. THE LITTLE MOTHER.

I sit here sewing, sewing, .
The summer hours away;
No time for fairy stories,
Not even time to play.

Now, Rover, don't disturb me;
Please, Kitty, catch a mouse.
I'm glad that baby's sleeping;
I want a quiet house.

Dear me! I think that children
Wear out their clothes so fast;
If folks could dress in iron,
How long their things would last!

If aprons grew on bushes,
And dresses came from seed,
What fun for all the mothers!
What easy lives we'd lead!

Oh dear! What is that music?
And such a pretty air!
The organ man is coming;
A monkey, I declare. KATE L. BROWN.

Dear me! where is he going?
That monkey's such a fright!
I only hope I'll catch him
Before he's out of sight.

"I have a little doll,
I take care of her clothes;
She has soft flaxen hair,
And her name is Rose."

My mamma cuts my doll's clothes, but I make them. My sister taught me how to sew, when we were visiting grandma last summer. Mamma says every girl should learn how to sew.

I have learned how to mend my doll's clothes when they are torn. My doll is careless sometimes. She tears her dress; then I must mend it.

Mamma or sister mends my clothes when they are torn. I must learn to mend them myself.

stories
fright

disturb
flaxen

music
torn

declare
monkey

59. COUNTRY SPORTS.

Boys and girls who live in the city don't know what fun it is to take a long pole and a bag and go to the woods to gather nuts.

I live in the city. Last October I went to visit my cousin George, who lives on a farm near the woods.

One morning George said, "Come, sister Nellie, if you will fill the lunch basket we will go nutting to-day,—you, Cousin Ned, and I."

In about half an hour we were on our

way to the woods. Soon we came to a tree full of chestnuts.

George climbed the tree and shook as many from the branches as he could. I took the long pole and knocked off as many as I could reach. Sometimes the nuts would hit Nellie on the head or face. One hit her on the nose, which made us all laugh, for she said it did not hurt.

Soon the ground was covered with chestnuts. Then we had a grand good time picking them up. We ran races to see which could pick up nuts fastest.

About eleven o'clock we felt quite hungry, so Nellie spread the lunch out on a clean white cloth which she laid over the grass.

We were so busy eating our lunch and watching for the little squirrels to come back that we did not see the big black cloud until we heard it thunder.

Before we could pick up our things the big drops of rain began to fall. How wet we were! Our clothes were wet through, but we did not take cold.

60. THE FARMER.

Did you ever think of how much work the farmer must do before you can have your bread for dinner?

What does he do?

First he gets the ground ready,—prepares it for the seed. In watching your plants grow you have found that they must have the right kind of food to make them strong, healthy plants.

Now, the farmer knows what kind of food the wheat needs. He covers the ground with whatever it needs most to make wheat grow. Then he plows the ground and harrows it. Why does he plow and harrow? Is it not to make the soil light and airy so the roots can get food?

After the ground is ready for the seed, one man sows the wheat while another man follows him with a harrow to cover it up. In large fields it is planted with a drill.

Is the farmer's work in the wheat field done now, do you think?

Oh, no; but he can do nothing in the wheat field for three months. During that time the wheat grows and ripens. Then the warm sunny days of June and July turn the fields of waving grain from green to yellow.

When it is ripe the farmer cuts the wheat and binds it into sheaves. Then he threshes it to separate the kernels or grains of wheat from the straw and chaff. Now, after he has made it very clean, it is ready to be sent to the miller.

But this is only a part of the farmer's work. Try to find out what more he has to do to help get your dinner for you.



“When I’m a man
I’ll be a farmer if I can.
I’ll plow the ground; the seed I’ll sow;
I’ll reap the grain; the grass I’ll mow;
I’ll bind the sheaves; I’ll rake the hay,
And pitch it on the mow away,—
When I’m a man.”

61. A STRANGE NEST.

The little birds living in some forests have many, many enemies. Do you know what that means?

The monkey likes to peep into their nests to see if there is anything in them. The monkey is very fond of eggs.



Then there is a large snake which winds itself around a tree. The snake will eat both eggs and bird if it can get them.

If the poor mother bird sees the snake she is in great distress. She flies round and round the snake's head, hoping that the noise which she makes will drive the enemy away.

If she flies too near the snake, it will open its large jaws and swallow her.

What is the little bird to do with such enemies around her ?

Nature tells the little bird what to do. She teaches her to build her nest in the safest place she can find. She teaches her to make it so that neither a snake nor a monkey can get into it.

The nest in the picture looks much like a pocket upside down. Do you see where it is built? To what is it fastened? There is an opening at the lower end. The little bird is just flying out of her nest.

She came down through the dark narrow tube. She sits in that part of the nest near the top, where it bulges out and is larger than the other parts. There she is safe. Neither monkey nor snake can get to her.

Of what is the nest made? It is woven of grass, — woven so strong that one would have hard work to tear it to pieces.

enemies	monkey	distress	nature
bulges	woven	snake	forests
neither	hoping	swallow	build
picture	fastened	lower	pieces

62. THE LARK AND HER YOUNG ONES.

A lark had made her nest in a field of grain. Her little ones grew larger and stronger, while the grain grew taller about her home. The birds were almost old enough to fly when the wheat was nearly ripe.

One day the owner of the field came near. One of the young larks heard him say to his son, "See, this grain is ripe enough to cut. I will send for my neighbors to help me cut it. They will be glad to do it, I am sure."

The little birds could hardly wait for their mother to come.

"Do not worry," said the mother bird, after hearing the story. "We need not move to-day. Watch to see if he comes again, and listen to what he may say."

In a day or two the farmer came again with his son to the field. "We cannot wait any longer for our neighbors, my son. Go

and ask your uncles and cousins to help us reap this grain."

When Mrs. Lark came home the little ones told her what had been said.

"My children, we do not need to hurry. His friends have their own grain to harvest. If he waits for them his wheat will not be cut to-day. Listen once more."

A few days after this the farmer came to the field again. Seeing the grain was very ripe he said to his son, "We will not wait for our neighbors or our friends any longer. The grain must be cut. You and I will cut it to-morrow."

When the mother lark heard this, she said to her little ones, "It is time for us to move. His work will be done now, if he is ready to do it himself."

Self-help is the best help.

The surest way to have a thing done is to do it yourself.

harvest	worry	move	content
neighbors	cousins	reap	surest
enough	uncles	friends	seeing

63. THE FLY AND THE MOTH.

One day a fly was standing on the edge of a jar of honey.

He tasted the honey. Finding it very sweet, he wanted more; so he crept from the edge into the jar. Soon he found himself stuck fast. His legs and wings were so covered with honey that he could not use them. He tried to free himself, but he could not.

Just then a moth flew near the jar. Seeing the fly trying to get out, he said, "Oh, foolish little fly! Why were you so greedy? You should control your appetite. If you had stayed on the edge of the jar you could have eaten all you wanted. Why did you go into the jar?"

The poor fly could say nothing. He knew he had been very greedy and had not acted wisely.

When evening came the fly saw the moth flying round and round a lighted

lamp. The moth seemed very gay. Each time it went nearer and nearer to the flame. By and by it went into the flame where it was burned so badly that it fell to the ground dead.

“Why,” said the fly, “are you foolish, too? You found fault with me for liking honey, and for going into the jar where I could find plenty; but your wisdom did not keep you from playing with fire. Why did you not stay away from the flame?”

It is easier to see the faults of others than it is to see our own.

“Go away from the light, little miller;

’T will singe your beautiful wings.

I know it is bright, and a glorious sight,

But it is n’t quite right, little miller,

To play with such dangerous things.”

crept	stuck	greedy	appetite
dead	flame	easier	singe
glorious	control	liking	dangerous
miller	playing	faults	standing

64. WHERE IS KITTY?

“Where is my little basket gone?”

Said Charlie boy, one day;

“I think some little boy or girl

Has taken it away.

“And kitty, too! Where has she gone?

Oh dear! what shall I do?

I wish I could my basket find,

And little kitty too.

“I’ll go to mother’s room and look;

Perhaps she may be there,

For kitty likes to take a nap

In mother’s easy-chair.

“Oh, mother! mother! come and look!

See what a little heap!

My kitty’s in the basket here,

All cuddled down to sleep.”

He took the basket carefully,

And brought it quickly in,

And showed it to his mother dear,

With little kitty in.

But little kitty soon awoke,
 And looking all about,
 Began to purr, and then to stretch,
 And very soon hopped out.

— — —

“I like little pussy,
 Her coat is so warm;
 And if I don’t hurt her,
 She’ll do me no harm.

“So I’ll not pull her tail,
 Nor drive her away;
 But pussy and I
 Very gently will play.

“She shall sit by my side,
 And I’ll give her some food;
 And she’ll love me, because
 I am gentle and good.”

easy-chair	cuddled	purr	hopped
carefully	awoke	stretch	heap
basket	mother’s	kitty	because
gentle	should	Charlie	taken

65. WHAT I LOVE.

I love the Spring, the gentle Spring,
I love its balmy air;
I love its showers that ever bring
To us the flowers fair.

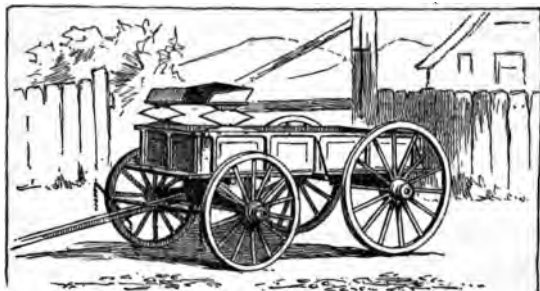
I love the Summer's sky so bright;
I love the fragrant flowers.
I love the long, long days of light;
But more the shady bowers.

I love the Autumn's clustering fruit,
That in the orchard lies;
I love its ever-changing suit,
Its trees of brilliant dyes.

I love stern Winter's ice and snow;
I love its blazing fire;
I love its winds that fiercely blow.
Yes, Winter I desire.

balmy	bowers	shady	clustering
autumn	changing	stern	brilliant
dyes	blazing	fiercely	desire

66. THE WAGON.



See the wagon.

How pretty it looks, newly painted!

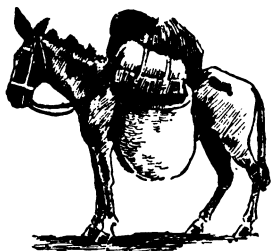
People did not always ride about in such fine wagons.

Many, many years ago men did not have wagons in which to carry goods. If a man wished to send something to his neighbor, he would call his servant to carry it.

If the package was large or the burden heavy, perhaps two slaves, or servants, were ordered to carry it. That which was to be carried was tied to the middle of a stout stick, and thus borne on the shoulders of the two men.

Man was not long in learning that his beast could be made to carry his burden. A donkey, a camel, an ox, or a horse was used for this. The goods to be carried were at first fastened on one side of the animal. To balance the load, these ignor-

ant people would put several rocks on the other side.



In this way the poor animal had to carry double the weight it should have carried.

But people soon learned to divide the load equally.

The next method used for carrying goods was this: two long poles were fastened to the animal, one on each side.

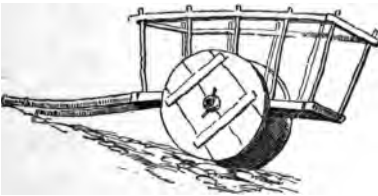
The back ends of these poles were allowed to drag on the ground. The load was tied to these poles. This was called a drag. It was found that the goods were much hurt in this way, hitting against rocks and stumps of trees.

To prevent this damage, runners, somewhat like those we use on sleds now, were put under the ends of the poles.

These were used both in summer and in winter. On the snow the sleds went along very easily, but in the summer time they did not work so well.



After some years some one thought of the wheel. At first the wheel was very rough, and not perfectly round.



The end of a large log was sawed off, in the centre of which a hole was bored.

This was the first kind of wheel used. These wheels were very heavy, but they were much better than the sleds that had been used.

Two wheels were at first used, so the first cart was made.

One cart being made, others of a better kind were quickly thought of; then four wheels were used, and the first wagon was made.

After this wagons were made better and lighter, until now, as you know, we have the fine wagon that you have just admired.



It seems strange to us now to think that men could ever get along without wagons.

What a useful thing the wagon is!

I suppose that buggies, carriages, and all kinds of coaches have come to be what they now are by little changes at a time.

A fine carriage and an old-fashioned drag do not look much alike.

servant	slaves	beast	burden
donkey	camel	balance	ignorant

67. VERY SMART.

Fred came from school the first half-year

As smart as smart could be;

He wished to show to all around

How smart a boy was he.

So at the dinner he began,—

“Papa, you think you see

Two roasted chickens on that dish:

Now I will prove them three! .

“First, this is one, and that is two,

As plain as plain can be;

I add the one unto the two,

And two and one make three.”

“Just so,” then answered his papa;

“If what you say is true,

I take the one, mamma takes one,

The third we leave for you!”

smart	wished	half-year	began
roasted	unto	answered	add

Write a short piece telling in your own way how Fred was “too smart.”

68. THE LOST PIG.

(EXERCISE FOR EXPRESSION.)

Did you find him?

Did I find him? No; indeed I did n't.

Why did n't you find him?

How could I find him when he would go somewhere else just as I was about to reach him?

He was always a few minutes ahead of me, no matter where I went. Vexed? Of course I was vexed; but what good did that do?

It never does any good to be vexed at what cannot be helped.

I came very near getting that little pig more than twenty times, but he escaped me every time.

I trudged along slowly sometimes; then I ran as fast as I could, but I never could quite catch up with that pig.

People laughed at me when they told me the pig was just a short distance ahead;

that I could catch him if I would hurry and be persevering.

If I had n't opened the gate just as I did he would be at home now. How foolish I was!

I was careless, you see. Mother told me that if I was not careful the pig would get away from me, and that I might have hard work to get him again.

When I met Mr. Clark, he laughed at me. This made me mad, for I had not hurt him. I was looking for my pig.

Mr. Clark asked me if I remembered the story of Mary and her little lamb.

"Yes," said I; "but what has that to do with my pig?"

"Listen," said he.

"Johnny had a little pig,

'T was black and white, you know ;

And everywhere that piggy went

John Boyle was sure to go."

somewhere	gate	vexed	escaped
trudged	distance	remember	persevering

69. MODES OF TRAVEL.

Have you ever ridden in the steam cars?

Oh, how fast they go! Then they go so quietly and smoothly that one hardly knows he is moving.

I have no doubt you have ridden in them many times.

People could not always ride so pleasantly as they can now.

In all places men have traveled on the backs of animals,—on either the horse, the mule, the donkey, the ox, or the camel.

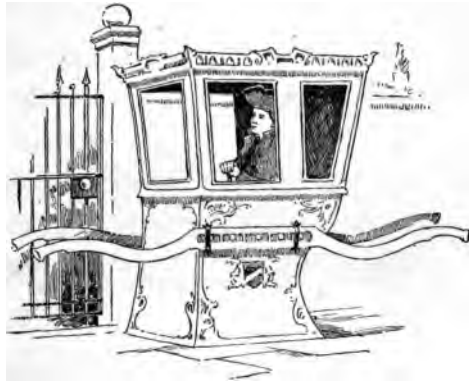
In some countries persons traveled from place to place in sedan chairs. A sedan chair, as you see by the picture, is a box or covered chair fastened to the middle of two poles. Two men, one at each end, could carry this chair and its occupants many miles.

The sedan chair is still used in a country far across the ocean.

In some places persons rode on the backs of other persons.

How funny that was! Boys do that sometimes in their play.

After carts were invented, people of course began to travel in them. At first there



were no roads. The driver had to pick his way as best he could.

As this was very hard both for the animals and for the travelers, a path was cut through the woods and underbrush. The trees and bushes were not taken away, but were simply cut down.

At last roadways were built. They were not fine hard roads such as we have now.

When it rained some of these roads were very, very muddy. The heavy wheels were often stuck in the mud so that the poor animals could not pull them out. The travelers then had to wait until the roads dried a little before they could continue their journey.

In the olden times oxen were used for



pulling these carts. The oxen were so slow, however, that horses were taken in their stead.

After a long time the coach was invented. This was a large four-wheeled, covered wagon, with seats inside and on top.

These coaches looked something like a street car, only the wheels were made of wood, and were much larger than those of the car.

These coaches used to run along regular roads, from town to town, carrying mail, baggage, and passengers. Such roads were called stage roads. Afterward they were made better; then they were called turn-pikes.

It took weeks to travel over these roads



the distance that an express train can run in one day.

In some parts of the country where the ground was very wet, logs were placed across the road side by side. Over these logs the coaches ran. Of course this kind of road was very rough.

After many years logs were placed one after another on each side of the road. On these were fastened long strips of iron.

Cars were drawn along on these rails, as they were called. These were called tramways. This was our first railway. At first railways were used only for short distances. For long distances the coaches were still used; but they went so slowly it was tiresome to ride in them.

Sails were sometimes put on the coaches; but as the wind did not always blow in the right direction they were not found to be very useful.

After many years of thought, and after many years of hard work, the power of steam was discovered, and men learned to use it. Mr. Watt was the man who first learned to use steam. Then the steam engine was invented.

Is it not strange that there is power in steam? Have you not seen steam coming out of an engine?

The first engine that was made was a rude looking thing. It did not go very fast; but it was better than the ox or the horse, and it went faster than the carts,

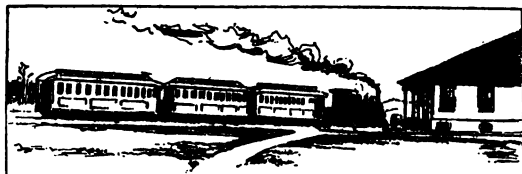
he wagons, or the coaches drawn by hem.

From time to time the engine was made better, just as from time to time wagons were made better, until now it is so good we are able to go nearly a mile in one minute.

What a difference there is between riding on the railroad of to-day and being carried on the back of some other person, or in a sedan, as the people who lived long ago traveled.

Are you not glad you live now?

ridden	sedan chairs	ocean	invented
continue	occupants	distances	regular
baggage	underbrush	carrying	railway
turnpikes	passengers	tramways	dried
tiresome	traveled	afterward	town



70. THEY GROW.

28

1-

What does little birdie say,
In her nest at peep of day?
“Let me fly,” says little birdie;
“Mother, let me fly away.”

Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till thy little wings are stronger.
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
“Let me rise, and fly away.”

Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till thy little limbs are stronger.
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby too shall fly away.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

birdie	mother	little	longer
away	stronger	grow	Tennyson

71. THE LILY.

The sweetest thing in my garden,
 On bush or vine or tree,
 Is the snow-white shining lily
 That God has sent to me.

How wise he must be to make it!
 How good to put it here,
 For me to watch and care for,
 So very sweet and dear!

There's nothing more fair and spotless
 In all the world I know;
 It is fairer than the moonlight,
 And whiter than the snow.

I love you, beautiful lily,
 Made of the sun and dew;
 I wish that my heart could always
 Be spotless and pure, like you.

pure	spotless	lily	wise
fairer	moonlight	heart	there's
beautiful	shining	watch	whiter

72. BUSY BEE.

Oh, where have you been, busy bee,
A humming all over the lea?

I saw you this morning just over the way;
Did not the sweet breath of the freshly
made hay

Just quicken your blood, busy bee?

Oh, where is your home, busy bee?

Do you live in a box or a tree?

You gather the sweets from the flower-
cup bells,

And store them away in your clear waxen
cells.

You're a miser, I think, busy bee.

You're a smuggler, you brown, busy
bee.

You're breaking the laws, don't you
see?

You go home with your spoils, and you
hide them away,

With never a thought of the duty to pay.

Don't you care for the laws, busy bee?

You're a lover of flowers, busy bee;
 In that you are something like me.
 You've found out the haunt of the scented
 wild rose,
 And you know every field where the white
 clover grows
 And the wheat tassels wave, busy bee.

But why do you sting, busy bee?
 You're hasty in temper, I see.
 You're fiery, and ready to fancy offense;
 It's no sign of goodness, or even of sense.
 You must govern yourself, busy bee.

You are plain in your looks, busy bee,—
 Excuse me if I am too free.
 But with your sting sheathed, you will pass
 very well,
 On account of the honey that's stored in
 your cell;
 Because you're of use, busy bee.

quicken	miser	smuggler	spoils
duty	haunt	tassels	fiery
offense	sheathed	account	stored

73. THE ANTS AND THE GRASSHOPPERS.

The ants and the grasshoppers lived in a large field. The ants were always busy.

They were always at work storing away food for the winter. Indeed they gave themselves so little time for play that their merry neighbors, the grasshoppers, took very little notice of them.

A visit from Jack Frost put an end to the work of the ants and the merrymaking of the grasshoppers.

Soon after his visit the ants began feasting on the stored-away food. A poor grasshopper, dying of hunger, passed by.

Turning to the ants he said, "Good day, kind neighbor, will you lend me a little food? I am very hungry. I will certainly pay you before this time next year."

"Why is it that you have no food?" asked an old ant. "There was plenty in the field where we lived last summer. You seemed busy, too. Winter is just begun."

"Oh," said the grasshopper, "those were

merry days. I sang all day, and all night too."

"Well," said the ant, "you may as well try to dance all winter. Ants never borrow; ants never lend."

What does this story teach?

Do you think the ants did right in not giving the poor dying grasshopper something to eat?

Have you ever watched the busy ants? If not, go to an ant-hill to see what a comfortable home they build for themselves. Watch the little creatures as they gather food and store it away.

All summer, early in the day and late in the afternoon, they work; but stay in the hill to rest during the hot hours.

The grasshoppers are merrymaking insects. They dance, sing, eat, and drink.

The grasshopper has no work to do, for when the glad summer of his life is done he dies. He does not live through the winter as the ant does.

74. THE LITTLE BOAT BUILDERS.

Upon the seashore, Charles and Ben
Sat down one summer day,
To build their little boats, and then
To watch them sail away.

“Hurrah!” the boats have left the shore,
And side by side they sail,
With pleasant sunshine all before;
Behind, the summer gale.

But all too rough the surgy sea,
One boat upsets, and then
They clap their hands and shout with glee,
“Hurrah! she’s up again!”

But on the wave it cannot live;
It sinks and then the other.
And now a louder shout they give,
“Hurrah! we’ll build another.”

Dear children, as your joys decay,
First one and then the other,
Shout on as one hope sinks away,
“Hurrah! we’ll build another.”

75. SELECTIONS.

These selections may be committed to memory:—

I like to see my little dog,
And pat him on the head,
So prettily he wags his tail
Whenever he is fed.

And when from school with eager haste
I come along the street,
He hurries on with bounding step
My glad return to greet.



There came to my window,
One morning in spring,
A sweet little robin;
It came there to sing.
And the tune that it sang
Was prettier far
Than ever I heard
On flute or guitar.

76. AN EVENING PRAYER.

Though young in years, I have been taught
Thy name to love and fear ;
Of Thee to think with solemn thought,
Thy goodness to revere.

Thy goodness gives each simple flower
Its scent and beauty too,
And feeds it in night's darkest hour
With heaven's refreshing dew.

The little birds that sing all day
In many a leafy wood,
By Thee are clothed with plumage gay, —
By Thee supplied with food.

And when at night they cease to sing,
By Thee protected still,
Their young ones sleep beneath their wing,
Secure from every ill.

Thus mayst thou guard with gracious arm
The bed whereon I lie,
And keep a child from every harm
By Thy all-watchful eye.

Abridged from BERNARD BARTON.

77. SELECTIONS.

These selections may be committed to memory :—

Dare to do right! Dare to be true!

You have a work that no other can do ;
Do it so bravely, so kindly, so well,
Angels will hasten the story to tell.



Roses of the cheek will fade ;
Beauty pass away :
Loving words and gentle deeds
Never can decay.



If a task is once begun,
Do not leave it till it's done ;
Be the labor great or small,
Do it well or not at all.



God is love ; His mercy brightens
All the path in which we move ;
Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens ;
God is wisdom, God is love.

PHONIC CHART.

A KEY TO DIACRITICAL NOTATION.

NOTE.—In diacritical marking, accentuation, and syllabication, WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY, edition of 1890, is taken as authority.

ā	as in	āte, āle.
â	as in	senâte, prelâte.
â	as in	âir, fâre.
ä	as in	ärm, bärn.
å	as in	åll, çall.
ä	as in	ät, cät.
á	as in	ásk, pást.
a	as in	final, pendant.
ē	as in	ēve, accēde.
ê	as in	êvent, dêlight.
ě	as in	ěnd, běnd.
ě	as in	hěr, fěrn.
e	as in	recent, moment.
ī	as in	īce, īvory.
ī	as in	īdea, fōta.
ī	as in	īll, pīn.
ō	as in	ōld, bōne.
ō	as in	ōbey, cantō.
ô	as in	ôrb, cōrn.
ö	as in	ödd, bödy.
ū	as in	ūse, tūne.
û	as in	ûnite, pictûre.
ÿ	as in	ÿde, trÿth.
ÿ	as in	ÿt, fÿll.
ü	as in	üp, büt.
û	as in	ûrn, tûrn.
ÿ	as in	ÿtÿ, citÿ.
oo	as in	fōod, rōot.
oo	as in	bōök, fōöt.
ou	as in	out, sour.
oi	as in	oil, coin.

UNMARKED CONSONANTS.

b	as in	boy, bat.
c	as in	cat, came.
d	as in	do, did.
f	as in	fun, if.
g	as in	go, bag.
h	as in	hat, hand.
j	as in	jug, join.
k	as in	king, kind.
l	as in	love, until.
m	as in	me, make.
n	as in	no, name.
p	as in	pin, pope.
r	as in	rat, star.
s	as in	so, same.
t	as in	tin, but.
v	as in	voice, stove.
w	as in	went, will.
z	as in	zone, lazy.
ch	as in	church, much.
ng	as in	sing, long.
sh	as in	ship, cash.
th	as in	thin, three.

MARKED CONSONANTS.

e = k	as in	eombine.
ç = s	as in	çent.
eh = k	as in	ehorus.
ġ = j	as in	ġentle.
n = ng	as in	finger.
ş = z	as in	haş.
th (sonant)	as in	then.
kw = qu	as in	quart.
hw = wh	as in	when.

LIST OF WORDS FOR PRONUNCIATION.

This list can be made of great service as showing just how each word is marked in the dictionary.

WORDS FOUND ON PAGES 30-81.

A'corn (ā'kŭrn).	Hāsh.	.Rōmp.
Ad vice' (ād vis').	Hol'low (hŏl'lŏ).	Se'pals (sē'palz).
Air'y (ār'y).	Hŏl'l'y.	Shāre.
An'swered (ān'sērd).	Hŭn'drēd.	Sobbed (sŏbd).
A'pron (ā'pŭrn).	Īn'tēr ēst ēd.	Sol'diers (sŏl'jērz).
Ar'bor (ār'bēr).	Lain (lān).	Sŏl'id.
Be neath' (bē nēth').	List'ened (līs'nd).	Seme'thing (sŭm').
Blew (blū).	Lock (lŏk).	Sōng.
Blue (blū).	Lose (lōoz).	Sta'mens (stā'mēnz).
Brood (brōod).	Ma chine' (mā shēn').	Stū'pid.
Chest'nut (chēs'nŭt).	Meant (mēnt).	Sŭd'dēn l'y.
Cot'ton (kŏt't'n).	Mō lās'sēs (sēz).	Swamp (swŏmp).
Crest (krēst).	Mon'ey (mŭn'y).	Tak'en (tāk'n)
Dis may' (dīs mā').	None (nŭn).	To geth'er (tōō gēth'- ēr).
Does'n't (dŭz'n't).	Off'ered (ŏff'ērd).	Tough (tŭf).
Dōn't.	Once (wŭns).	To'ward (tō'ērd)
Earth (ērth).	Ō'pen (ŏ'p'n).	Trāmp.
En'gine (ēn'jīn).	Or'chard (ŏr'chērd).	Treas'ures (trēzh'ŭrz).
Ev'er y (ēv'ēr y).	Ought (aŭt).	Trod'den (trŏd'd'n).
Ex cept' (ēk sēpt').	Palm (pām).	Tube (tŭb).
Fair'y (fār'y).	Pas'ture (pās'tŭr).	Vase (vās).
Fan'cy (fān'sy).	Per'fect ly (pēr'fēkt- ly).	Vexed (vēkst).
Fel'low (fēl'lŏ).	Pic'nic (pīk'nīk).	Vis'it (vīz'it).
Film.	Pic'ture (pīk'tŭr).	Wand (wŏnd).
Food (fōod).	Pig'eon (pīj'ŭn).	Who (hŏō).
Fra'grant (frā'grant).	Pis'tils.	Whole (hŏl).
Frōsts.	Pool (pōol).	Whom (hŏōm).
Gēt.	Pre fer' (prē fēr').	Whose (hŏōz).
Goal (gŏl).	Pro tects' (prŏ tēkts').	Wo'men (wŏm'ēn).
Gōd'moth'er (mŭth'ēr).	Pŭlp.	Won'der (wŭn'dēr).
Gōs'lings (gŏz'līngz).	Rea'son (rē'z'n).	Wool (wŏol).
Gōs'sā mēr.	Rē bound'.	Wound (wŏōnd).
Grieve (grēv).	Reast'ed (rōst'ēd).	Yon'der (yŏn'dēr).
Guard (gārd).		

WORDS FOUND ON PAGES 81-158.

A'ged (ā'jēd).	Du'ty (dū'ty).	Pārch'ing .
Al lowed' (āl loud').	Eas'i er (ēz'ī ēr).	Plan'tain (plān'tān).
An'vil (ān'vīl).	Eaves (ēvz).	Plas'ters (plās'tērz).
Ap'pe tite (āp'pē tīt).	Fac'to ry (fāk'tō rŷ).	Pōrch .
Ash'es (āsh'ez).	Fast'ened (fās'nd).	Pōs'si ble .
Au'tumn (ā'tūm).	Fast'est (fāst'ēst).	Pūre .
A woke' (ā wōk').	Fi'bres (fī'bērz).	Re cess' (rē sēs').
Bag'gage (bāg'gāj).	Fierce'ly (fērs'ly).	Reg'u lar (rēg'ū lēr).
Bal'anced (bāl'anst).	Flat'ter (flāt'tēr).	Re sult' (rē zult').
Balm'y (bām'y).	Flee'cy (flē'sy).	Ro sette' (rō zēt').
Bell'ows (bēl'lūs).	Flaw (flū).	Sau'cers (sā'sērz).
Bolls (bōlz).	Flū'id .	Scooped (skōōpt).
Bow'ers (bou'ērz).	Fool'ish (fōol'ish).	Sep'a rate (sēp'ā rāt).
Brill'iant (brīl'yant).	Fōr'ēsts .	Sēv'ēr al .
Bul'ges (būl'jēz).	Fought (fāt).	Sew'ing (sō'ing).
Cal'i co (kāl'ī kō).	Glō'ri ous (ūs).	Sheathed (shēthēd).
Cer'tain ly (sēr'tīn lŷ).	Gnaw (nā).	Sheaves (shēvz).
Chaff (chāf).	Grain (grān).	Sieves (sīvz).
Cheese (chēz).	Har'rows (hār'rōz).	Sīm'plest .
Clang (klāng).	Haunt (hānt).	Singe (sīnj).
Coff'ee (kōf'fē).	Hoof (hōōf).	Sowed (sōd).
Con tent' (kōn tēnt').	Hōr'nēt .	Sphere (sfēr).
Cous'ins (kūz'inz).	Ig'no rant (īg'nō-rant).	Stead (stēd).
Co'zy (kō'zŷ).	Il li nois' (īl lī noi').	Steam (stēm).
Cud'dled (kūd'd'ld).	In'jures (īn'jūrz).	Stōle .
Death (dēth).	In ven'tions (īn vēn'-shūnz).	Tail'ors (tā' lērz).
De signs' (dē zīnz').	Iron (ī'urn).	Tas'sels (tās's'lz).
De sire' (dē zīr').	La'dle (lā'd'l).	Tēnth .
De stroy' (dē stroi').	Loss (lōs).	Thresh'es (ēz).
Di ag'no sal (dī āg'ō-nal).	Mā tē'rī al .	Tis'sue (tīsh'ū).
Di am'e ter (dī ām'ē-tēr).	Mon'key (mūn'kŷ).	Tongues (tūngz).
Di rec'tion (dī rēk'-shūn).	Moun'tain (moun'-tīn).	Tōrn .
Dis'tance (dīs'tans).	Mu'sic (mū'zīk).	Tri'ān gle .
Dis tress' (dīs trēs').	Na'ture (nā'tūr).	Trudged (trūjd).
Dis turb' (dīs tūrb').	Ōf fēnsē' .	Use'ful (ūs'fūl).
Don'key (dōn'kŷ).	O'ri ole (ō'rī ōl).	Wasp (wōsp).
		Wea'ry (wē'rŷ).
		Weav'ers (wēv'ērz).
		Weight (wāt).

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